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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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COURTS HAVE SEIZED ZION.

Federal Judge Has Appointed Receivers for the Town of Dowie.

THE PROPHET HAS HIS TROUBLES.

Creditors are Anxious for Their Money—Faithful Have Not Dug Up as Requested.

Financial difficulties which began during the crusade of John Alexander Dowie, the self-styled Elijah III, and his restoration host to New York a month ago and which have been increasing since Dowie's return, culminated Tuesday in the federal courts taking possession of all the property controlled by Dowie in Zion City, Ill.

The town, which was founded two years ago by Dowie, and has a population of over 10,000, is the general headquarters for Dowie's church, and is said to represent an expenditure of $20,000,000.

Fred M. Blount, cashier of the Chicago National Bank, and Albert D. Currier, a law partner of Representative Boutelle, were appointed receivers for the present.

The bankruptcy proceedings against Dowie were based on the allegation that he is insolvent, and that while in that financial condition he committed an act of bankruptcy by making a preferential payment on Nov. 20 to the E. Streeter Lumber Company of $3,770.

Dowie has been hard pressed by his creditors, especially since it was announced that his recent mission to New York had proved unsuccessful, financially.

Dowie is known to have accumulated a large sum as the head of the Christian Catholic Church, the assets of the organization being estimated between $20,000,000 and $90,000,000. There was a large outlay of money, however, when Zion City was started, and as neither of these ventures has ever been a paying investment a great deal more money was tied up.

Dowie's difference with his brother-in-law, Stevenson, over the management of the lace factory, cost him more than $100,000, and other suits recently begun in Lake county by creditors are said to aggregate a large sum.

Last Wednesday Dowie made what has been regarded as a confession of weakness at a rally in the tabernacle at Zion City. "A lot of you people have cash in your pockets," Dowie said to his followers. "Dig down and get it out. It is God's and we need it in His work. You're cowards if you don't give it up. Deposit it."

Instead of frightening many into depositing, this appeal sent a long line of people to the bank on Friday to draw out their money. Less than $8,000 was deposited in the bank on Friday, while the amount withdrawn was twice as much. Late in the afternoon A. W. Graham tried to withdraw his account of $300 and was told he would have to give 30 days' notice before he could get his money.

Monday another appeal was made by Dowie for funds, but the depositors who appeared were few. Tuesday Dowie asked the members of Zion more urgently than ever for money. He declared that he must have $500,000 without delay. That sum, he said, he was willing to take in short loans, but they must be forthcoming immediately. In the efforts to remedy the condition of affairs at Zion City, hundreds of letters were sent out daily to Dowie's followers in other parts of the country. In them, all Dowieites are urged, almost commanded, to sell their farms, stores and everything else and come at once to Zion City and take up the work of the church. All of those who have money in banks near where they now live were asked to draw that money out and send it for deposit in Zion City.

It is stated the employees of the manufacturing industries have not been paid for four or six weeks. Early in the week Dowie made a personal trip through the various shops and told his followers and others that they must either wait for their salaries or accept a substantial cut in wages.

A Small Fire.

What might have been a very disastrous fire was narrowly averted at the Tuxedo club rooms last evening. In some way the portieres hanging between the reception room and one of the card rooms caught fire and before those in the club discovered it quite a blaze was started. Several of the members with the aid of a little water quickly extinguished the flames.

The portieres were destroyed and the door casing somewhat scorched and the carpets in both rooms were burned in several places. Had the fire started half an hour later a costly fire might have been the result. The cause of the fire is unknown, but it is supposed that some one in passing touched the portieres with a lighted cigar.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Married, at the residence of H. Hamlin, Esq., in Smethport, on Wednesday, the 3d day of May, 1871, by the Rev. C. Cornforth, Mr. Delano R. Hamlin and Miss Eugenia McCoy, all of this place. Thus one after another, the "boys" keep "dropping off." May the happiness of our esteemed friend Delano and his amiable bride be complete. That their lives may be long and their joy be unalloyed is our fervent wish.

Died, in Williamsport, May 20, 1871, Mrs. Elmira Hinman, aged 26 years. Mrs Hinman was the daughter of Thomas Goodwin of Farmers Valley. Her death will be regretted by a large circle of friends. Peace to her ashes.

At Howard Hill, on May 19, 1871, Mrs. Polly B., wife of Lyman L. Smith, aged 51 years, 4 months and 11 days.

Married, at the house of the bride's father in Farmers Valley, on May 24, 1871, by Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. G. W. Godfrey of Olean, N. Y., and Miss H. F. Olds of the former place.

At the residence of C. K. Surtwell in Smethport, on Wednesday, May 24, 1871, by Rev. E. B. Williams of Coudersport, Mr. Wm. D. Gallup and Miss Elizabeth D. Shepard, all of Smethport. Thus it will be seen that our friend "Billy" has, after a calm and deliberate investigation of the subject, determined to test the conclusion that Solomon enunciated in the days of long ago: "That whosoever findeth a wife findeth a good thing." Well, we wish him and the excellent lady of his choice all the happiness and sunshine that can be crowded into a long journey across the shadowy vale of life. May life's joys and blessings ever attend them as they "gallop" down this world's pathway.

The United States license has been taken out the following lines of business: Apothecaries, architects, assayers, auctioneers, boats, barges, etc., bowling alleys, billiard tables, all kinds of brokers, including stock dealers, builders and contractors, butchers, claim agents, circuses, confectioners, conveyances, retail dealers, wholesale dealers whose annual sales are not over $50,000, dentists, eating houses, exhibitions not otherwise provided for, express carriers and agents, gift enterprises, grinders of coffee and spices, horse dealers, hotels, insurance agents, intelligence offices, keepers, jugglers, lawyers, livery stable keepers, lottery ticket dealers, manufacturers, miners, patent agents, peddlers, photographers, plumbers and gas fitters, physicians and surgeons, real estate agents, theatres, museums, concert halls, stallions and jacks.

We understand that Reuben Dennis has recently taken possession of the Eldred Hotel—the house so long occupied by Nathan Dennis, deceased. This hotel being located just half way between Smethport and Olean, it will be a very convenient place for people to stop while traveling between these two points. Good "clean meals" can be had on short notice and horses properly cared for. Mr. Dennis is also farming pretty extensively this season, having planted 15 acres of potatoes, 10 acres of corn and sown 20 or 25 acres of oats. This looks like living and we hope our farmers will all fall in with this way of doing business.

The Potter Journal of last week, under the head of "Fish Stories," speaks of a Mr. Olson who caught 24 pounds of trout in one day in Kettle creek. [This undoubtedly was the late Burt Olson, editor of the MINER from 1898 to 1900.]

The wealth of the oil regions of Pennsylvania can be easily appreciated when statistics, carefully compiled, develop the fact that the average monthly production is somewhere in the neighborhood of 500,000 barrels, each worth over three dollars in cash.

"What are the wild waves saying?" Standing on the shore by the mill pond last evening, we asked this question and as the billows came rolling toward us, they gently murmured in our ears—"Go to the store of Armstrong & McCoy and procure a box of Adams' Golden Eagle smoking tobacco."

Messrs. Herman and Leroy Young of Farmers Valley caught a pike recently in Potato creek, near the farm of Arthur Young, that weighed 10½ pounds. The head was nine inches in length and six inches wide.

Twenty-three sheep belonging to Augustus Day of Farmers Valley were killed by wolves on Sunday night last, June 4, 1871.

On Tuesday, June 13, 1871, the dwelling of John L. Bean of Farmers Valley was destroyed by fire. The roof is supposed to have caught from a spark and it being a very windy day it was utterly impossible to extinguish the fire. Most of the furniture in the lower part of the house was saved and a portion of that above. There was an insurance of $100 on the house and $100 on the furniture. Mr. Bean is extremely unfortunate in losing property by fire, it being but a short time since his barn burned. We sympathize with him in his misfortunes.

Mrs. James Hussey was thrown from a buggy on Tuesday last and seriously if not fatally injured.

Butler Appeals for Help.

Butler is a sadly afflicted city. Over 1,800 of its 12,000 people are suffering with typhoid fever and the epidemic is spreading at an alarming rate. It is beyond the power of Butler's citizens to cope with the situation and appeals for aid have been sent to Pennsylvania cities, which have been promptly answered and in a substantial manner.

Physicians, especially, are needed and a number from Philadelphia and Pittsburg were soon in attendance when the deplorable state of affairs became known. Nurses are volunteering every day, but at this writing it is not possible to properly care for the great number of stricken persons. The crying need now is for competent trained nurses, physicians and domestic help," said the burgess of Butler Monday. "Physicians, especially, are needed. Four of our resident physicians are down with the disease, and the others are nearly exhausted from overwork. We do not ask the doctors and others to give us their services for nothing. All the work they do will be paid for."

Business is practically at a standstill in Butler, the rapid spread of the malady having demoralized almost every branch of industry. The prompt responses to the appeals for help are improving the situation. Bradford is among the cities that have extended aid and the county in general should do all in its power to give relief to stricken Butler. Following is a copy of an appeal sent out by Rev. L. A. Carroll: "Butler is in the midst of a great typhoid epidemic. Hundreds of persons are affected. HELP US IN SOME WAY, for God's sake."

To add to the horrors of the situation, diphtheria has broken out among the children at St. Paul's Orphans' Home in that borough.

The Glass Situation.

The time for the starting of the window glass factories is still very uncertain. The Palmer factory at Shingle House has refused to go into the new association recently formed in Bradford and thus matters are at a standstill for the present. It is reported that if Mr. Palmer continues to refuse to become a member of this association most of his men will quit work and thus either force him to join or close the factory.

It is hard to tell what effect this action of Mr. Palmer's will have on the general resumption of work, but it is certainly very unfortunate if this should prevent the uniting of the labor organizations, or prevent the starting of the factories which we understand it is liable to do. R. W. Hilton of the Port Allegany factory informed the writer that if the association should not materialize he would close that factory, as he was losing money at the present price of glass, and it is claimed most other factories now running will do likewise.

More developments are looked for hourly and things may take a turn for the better at any time.

Hungiville-Pelton.

Miss Katheryn M., second daughter of Mrs. E. G. Pelton of Newerf, and Mr. Fred H. Hungiville of this borough were united in marriage at St. Columbia Catholic church in Olean, N. Y., on Monday, November 16th, 1903, Rev. Father Airey performing the ceremony.

The bride is well known in Smethport, having been connected with the Carrie Reilly Clark & Co. millinery store for some two years past, until recently when she accepted a like position in a Buffalo millinery house. Mr. Hungiville is a popular young clothing salesman with Wm. Monheimer and the many friends of both will unite with the MINER in extending congratulations.

Mrs. Hungiville is under contract with this Buffalo concern until the first of the year, after which they will be at home to their friends in Smethport.

Bishop Whitehead Here.

Right Reverend Cortland B. Whitehead, bishop of the diocese of Pittsburg, administered confirmation to a class of twelve—eight gentlemen and four ladies—at St. Luke's Episcopal church last Saturday evening. A large congregation was present on this auspicious occasion to witness this beautiful service.

After the conclusion of the services at the church a reception was held in the parish house in honor of Bishop Whitehead, where all had the opportunity of meeting the reverend gentleman. Excellent refreshments were served.

The bishop remained in Smethport over Sunday and preached two eloquent sermons from the pulpit of St. Luke's church. Both morning and evening services were largely attended.

"He and she both GOT THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you won't regret it."

Behold!

The day of thanks is here. Have you one of our Savory Seamless Roasters to prepare your Thanksgiving dinner in? Just what you have always wanted. Trading Stamps. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

B., B. & K. RY. WAS SOLD.

Bond Holders Bid in the Road for $67,000 on Tuesday.

WILL CONTINUE TO RUN AS OF YORE.

Management Will Not Be Changed—Grover Cleveland a Stockholder.

The Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Railway, which during the early oil excitement in McKean county was one of the biggest money makers for its owners, was sold at public auction in Bradford at one o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The property was bid in by the bondholders of the road and the price paid was $67,000. The sale was conducted by Attorney D. H. Jack and the bondholders were represented by G. L. Roberts of Pittsburg, J. B. McGeorge and H. K. Pomeroy of New York. There is an indebtedness against the road aggregating $275,000, which includes a mortgage for $240,000 held by the Metropolitan Trust Company of New York, at whose instance the narrow-gauge line was sold.

Of the money paid for the road $12,533 will be paid to preferred claim holders against the road and the balance will be paid to the bondholders on a pro rata basis.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland is the owner of about $8,000 worth of the capital stock, purchased while the line was a money-maker for the bondholders. The remainder of the stock is in the hands of New York and Pittsburg capitalists.

The line will be conducted as at present and under the same management, pending a settled arrangement as to the future of the famous little road.

For many years this was the only railroad that run through the most thickly settled part of the oil belt of this county and as an outlet to the people it was invaluable. To day it does not cut such an important figure, but it is a great convenience to many of the towns and villages along its line and should it suspend business its loss would be keenly felt.

A Thanksgiving Hunt.

Reports were in circulation that a large bear had been seen on several occasions up Cole creek and he had acquired quite a liking for mutton, having helped himself to sheep belonging to Tom Soules. Hunters had been trying to secure his lordship, but without success until Thursday morning, when H. W. Roeder, J. C. Stull, F. B. Digel, Elmer Roeder and his beagle hound, Sox, determined to see what they could do. Arriving in the vicinity, they were not long in finding tracks recently left by bruin. Leaving the others to watch the runways, Digel and Roeder with the hound started in pursuit and not many minutes elapsed before the baying of the hound proclaimed the prize had been found. For awhile the bear ran in a circle, but soon came in contact with a ball from the gun of Digel, which being a 30-30 laid him low. The others, hearing the shot, were soon on the scene and after watching the attacks of the dog for a short time he was finished by a shot from J. C. Stull's Winchester.

Not more than three hours elapsed from the starting of the hunters to their return bearing their booty. Some views were taken of Master Bruin and the dog, which Elmer declares to be the BEST bear dog in the county, and all returned to their homes in time for dinner, well satisfied with the hunt.

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Candy Makes Children Ill.

Several children of Henry Van Natter's family were prostrated with violent illness yesterday, says the Port Allegany Reporter. Two of them were thrown into convulsions and for a time their lives were despaired of. They had been eating colored candy, which may be purchased at several of the stores in town. A married daughter also ate of the candy and was violently ill. They are all better to-day and will quite likely fully recover without any further bad result. Those children who are in the habit of buying cheap colored candy should take warning. This stuff has long been pronounced dangerous by physicians and if the pure food inspector makes a case of it a costly result is sure to follow.

Stockholders' Annual Election.

Take notice that a meeting of the stockholders of The Smethport Water Co. will be held at the general office of the company in Smethport, McKean Co., Pa., on the nineteenth day of December, A. D. 1903, at two o'clock p. m. of said day for the election of directors of said company.

ALVIN B. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 27, 1903.

Better be on Time.

Now is just the right time to get your Nickel Plated Copper Ware. We have it in Tea and Coffee Pots, all sizes and styles, Chafing Dishes, Serving Dishes or anything you may want in this line. Makes a dandy Xmas present.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Gave Great Satisfaction.

W. E. Naukeville's company presented the play, "Human Hearts," at the Lyceum Friday evening last to a medium-sized audience. The company is generally considered the best that has appeared here this season and the play gave its members splendid opportunities to display their talents.

The story told in "Human Hearts" is an old one. An unfaithful woman leaves husband, child and Arkansas home to go with her murderous lover. Her husband, who is the hero of the story, an honest blacksmith, is sent to prison for life for the murder of his father, of which he is innocent. His blind mother and simple-minded brother plead with the kind-hearted governor for a pardon, which is granted. The closing act shows the apartments of the erring wife and lover in New York city. After inhumanly treating the woman and her child the villain is unmasked and tries to kill the blacksmith, but the bullet is intercepted by his wife and the play ends with the sorrowing husband alone with his dead.

Tom Logan, the hero, is well acted by E. P. Sullivan. Edwin B. Bailey's portrayal of Frederick Armsdale, the villain, made a decided hit. His rendition of the despicable character was certainly artistic, while his versatility is shown in the easy, graceful character of the benevolent governor. Jennette Logan, the unfaithful wife, was realistically played by Miss Grace Lockwood. She was exceptionally good in an extremely difficult part. Miss Sadie Stockton, as Samantha Logan, and her "half-cracked" son Jimmy, played by William Thorne, have an affecting scene, while praying for the pardon of Tom Logan. Baby Norman is a clever child actress, who is used like a sand bag on several occasions. Jem Mason, the tramp, as portrayed by W. J. Sully, was an interesting character. The other members of the company were above the average. The production deserved better patronage.

Knocks and Boosts.

In his editorial columns last week, Editor Laymon of the Port Allegany Reporter knocks Port Allegany and boosts Smethport as follows:

If Smethport gets the industries that she's now after it will be a grand result of the activity of the town's Trading Board of Trade. In Smethport the existing conditions are as they should be. Every citizen there is in sympathy with the Board of Trade and believes himself and is a part of it. The Board expects to locate the car shops of the Shawmut Railroad there and in connection with the arrangements stands ready to give a hundred acres of land to the enterprise. How different from the conditions here in Port Allegany. Here an industry wants to double the capacity of its plant and it can't buy five acres of "farm land" next its plant at five hundred dollars an acre or at any other price without aforesaid industry will agree not to draw further on the gas supply now being furnished it. Such a hold-up at Smethport would kill the town, and it will have the same effect here. People here expect something from the Board of Trade, but they can see at a glance how hopeless is the case. Most new industries now in making a new location want at least a site furnished. It comes about by the custom of most towns offering such a bonus. A site in Port Allegany has to be covered in greenbacks of a good big denomination before it can be secured. And there you have it.

Through Train Service to Philadelphia via the P., S. & N. R. R. to St. Marys, Pa., and the Penna R. R.

P., S. & N. train No. 5 leaves Smethport at 7:24 p. m., arrives at St. Marys at 9:11 p. m.

P. R. R. train No. 4 leaves St. Marys at 9:50 p. m., arrives at Philadelphia at 7:32 a. m. One way fare from Smethport, $10.39.

Train No. 4 is equipped with elegant Pullman cars. Staterooms, sections or berths can be secured by calling on Mr. H. O. Lyon, agent, Smethport, or addressing C. J. Renwick, general passenger agent, St. Marys, Pa.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All persons owing borough taxes are hereby notified to call and pay the same on or before Dec. 20th, 1903. After that date they will be collected according to law with costs.

R. C. GLEASON, Col.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

The Parker "Lucky Curve" is the best fountain pen made because it is always clean, works freely and does not leak in the pocket. Call at McCoy's Drug Store and see the large stock on exhibition.

Men wanted to distribute samples, circulars, tack signs, etc. We have distribution for every locality; good pay; permanent occupation. ATOZ, South Whitley, Ind.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Pennsylvania Outlaws.

A Williamsport dispatch says: Central Pennsylvania is in a state of terror as the result of the series of crimes which have been perpetrated during the last ten days. More firearms have been bought than for many months. An army of detectives after searching for ten days throughout this part of the State has failed to catch a single guilty man.

The detectives think the crimes are done by an organized band of outlaws, whose retreat is in some mountain place where they can find safety after a dash into the thickly settled parts of the country. A posse has gone into Seven mountains in Center county in the hope of finding the lair of the desperadoes.

Since the murder of William Clendenin in the lonely tower near here two weeks ago there have been ten other holdups and robberies, so similar in their characters as to compel the belief that they are directed by one head.

The territory embraced by the robberies is 30 miles wide and 100 miles east and west from Williamsport. Every place at which one of the crimes has been committed is readily accessible from Seven mountains, Center county. The place gets its name from seven peaks, the mountain being the most rugged in the State. In places they are almost impenetrable and in years past they have been known to shelter outlaws.

Several months ago a battle occurred there between a posse headed by the sheriff of Center county and four post-office robbers. The latter had intrenched themselves in a log house, but they were captured.

It is the belief of many detectives that this place is the headquarters of the present gang of desperadoes. They believe that from this secure spot their leader has been directing their movements.

Notice to Deaf Mutes and Friends.

A special service in the interests of church work among deaf mutes will be held at St. Joseph's church, Port Allegany, on Tuesday, December 8, at 7:30 p. m. The rector, the Rev. John H. Fairlie, extends a cordial invitation to the "silent folk" and their friends of the city and neighboring places to worship with this congregation. With him will be the Rev. Aaron W. Mann of Cleveland, founder of the Mid-Western Deaf Mute Mission. He will interpret for the deaf mutes, while the rector reads orally. He will interpret evening prayer and sermon. The latter is a short history of the movement of the Episcopal church towards providing the scattered deaf mutes with ministrations in their own language, which is the best means of preaching the Gospel to persons out of reach of the voice. Readers of this notice having deaf mute friends are requested to call their attention to it and send their names to the rector. Neighboring papers will confer a great kindness by copying it.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 28, 1903:

Mrs. M. M. Fowler, F. B. Hall, Vincenzo Carbone, 2, Castonto Roman, Herra Palmo, Antonio Russo, Veraldi A. Lesantro, Foreign, Domenico Sanzo.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Millionaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. O. Wells'.

G. E. Smith of Eldred, Pa., will pay cash for buckwheat or will grind it for you. He has, in connection with his feed mill, just put in one of the best Roller Process machines made. This includes a fine "cleaner" and "huller." He can do as good a job as can be done anywhere. Try him.

Notice.

My wife, Mary Hess, having left my bed and board all persons are hereby notified not to give her credit on my account as I will pay no debts contracted by her.

H. E. HESS.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Richard Koenig is making 28 photographs for 25 cents. Call and see samples and leave orders at R. C. Gleason's studio.

Try buying your Christmas goods of Holder.

A BETRAYAL of CONFIDENCE

....By Howard Fielding

Copyright, 1903, by Charles W. Hooke

IT was the sound of my own voice that waked me from the state of semiconsciousness wretchedness which I call sleep. The hour was uncertain, but the night seemed in the wane. The room had the gray gloom of a dim cell under ground, and the four walls lurked in shadows like four dark robed inquisitors watching some tortured victim on the rack.

I sat upon a pillow with my back against the brazen grille at the head of the bed. The bars were as cold as an Eskimo's idea of perdition, and no doubt they printed their pattern of me as I crouched there for two minutes gibbering like a scared monkey. Having attained full consciousness through this pleasant process, which has become quite usual with me, I began to repeat the phrase that I had uttered automatically before waking:

A MAN WITH A LANTERN LEADS ME TO A LITTLE INN.

"As her husband is a citizen of Rhode Island"—

Could it be possible that I had put those words into a letter addressed to the one person in the world who mustn't know that the young woman in question has a husband? I knew myself too well to doubt that I had done it. My inventory, for all useful purposes, is gone. I meet my friends and do not know their names. I talk with them and forget the subject which is under discussion even while I am in the very act of discussing it.

But when I am asleep—or sunk in that purgatory of mental stress through which I never can quite win my way into the heaven of sleep—I am liable to remember anything—mindy details of my boyhood, the exact turn of a phrase or glance of an eye that marked a scene of youth, but chiefly my own faults and errors. These, whether of long ago or of the day just gone, come into my mind with startling suddenness and always with absolute accuracy, so far as I am able to determine. Sometimes I repeat aloud my own words, or those of others; sometimes I utter a hypothesis against the recurrence of such thoughts, but the end is always the same. I pass through purgatory in the wrong direct n and am cast into the torment of Wide-awake.

The way in which this memory had come to me, stamped it as genuine. Moreover, I have a rule for such matters, and I rely upon it with a sad certainty—that which is good is a dream, that which is bad is true.

I arose, shivering, and huddled some clothes upon me, with a heavy hooded bath robe over them. Then I made a fire of sea coal in the parlor and sat down before it to meditate upon a state of affairs which, briefly stated, was this:

An old gentleman named Christopher Hooper, who lives in Sayville, on the Maine coast, a pretty little town where I have spent a summer or two, had written to me for a legal opinion upon the status of certain property. He particularly desired to know what would become of it in case he should die without a will. He did not say why he wished to die without a will, but I was of the opinion that he might do worse. Indeed, I was considerably relieved to find that such was his intention. If he should not change his mind upon this point his granddaughter, Gertrude Ellis, would inherit about a quarter of a million dollars, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

In regard to the property mentioned in his letter asking my advice there might be a squabble over the matter of partition and if litigation should arise the situation would be complicated by the fact that Gertrude was no longer a minor, with a legal residence in Maine, but was secretly married to Robert N. Ellis of Rhode Island.

Ellis was a young man who had had a little money and had lost it through neglecting the advice of Christopher Hooper. This was a serious offense, but he had cut himself off from pardon by taking a position on a newspaper. Mr. Hooper despised all newspapers as a result of having been abused by one of them in the course of a political campaign in 1868. Ellis had met Gertrude in summer vacations, as I had. He was still in his youth and with a shiny view of life. It was better that he should win her. I had never striven against him and said one word in my own cause. I had to exalted notions of self abnegation. I thought that this would be like other sorrows, but somehow it isn't.

They made a great friend of me, and when it came to their childish folly of a secret marriage I was their sole confidant. I tried to dissuade them, selfishly, generously, I don't know which. Perhaps the meeting of those storms of different considerations in my head may have had something to do with the condition of it. At any rate, if it harmed me it benefited no one else. They were married as a guarantee to Ellis that old Christopher Hooper's opposition should not wreck his hopes. The ceremony occurred in New York, where Gertrude spends her winters with an aunt who is so dull of wit that I think the wedding might have taken place in her own parlor and she have been none the wiser. I was the only accomplice.

It was some months later that I had my letter from Mr. Hooper. As I sat down to answer it I said to myself: "I must be careful. I don't know what I'm about."

I had done my best with it, and my best had been as bad as possible, for those words had crept in:

"As her husband is a citizen of Rhode Island"—

The name of the state would identify the man, and as Hooper had once been led to fear a secret marriage no lies, though backed by all the resources of perjury that are known to a New York lawyer, could repair the mischief.

Beyond doubt I had arranged matters so that Mr. Hooper would not die without a will. No direct advice upon the point could have been half so effective. If he lived long enough to find a bottle of ink after reading my letter Gertrude would be disinherited.

What was to be done? Upon this point I tried to think clearly. There must be a way out of it, I said to myself that if I could have ten minutes of real sleep—nay, but five—I could think my way through this difficulty. With deliberation I laid my heavy head against the cushioned chair and closed my eyes despite the force of the springs that held them open—springs that pressed incessantly so that the orbits of the eyes were sore. I saw many visions—the old days at Sayville, Gertrude, seventeen years old, upon a tennis field, shaking down the masses of her hair disordered in the game, the picture of youth, the first time I ever saw her. But this has nothing to do with the letter. I must think of that.

Mailed about half past 10 of the evening, it had not yet started on its way to Boston. Only one mail a day at Sayville. I wrote a letter to Gertrude once and beat it to Sayville by a full day's time. If I take the fast express at 10 o'clock this morning I may be there in time. In that case I'll find some way to intercept the letter. I'll bribe a servant. So that's all settled and off my mind. And I may sit here in this chair and dream of things that aren't true. All that is good is a dream.

It is a comfort to ride in a railroad train. The engineer knows his way and the conductor, for a consideration will put an absent minded passenger off at the proper station. If he happens to forget to render this service why should the absent minded passenger make trouble? Rather let him be comforted by the thought that some one else has lost his memory. However, Boston is a terminal, so there is no risk.

In the south is infinity to a degree that Noah never saw the like of. The roof of the car in which I cross the city rears while the flood that is descending upon it.

Beyond Boston the train seems like a submarine boat. Night closes in, and the rain still falls. We are late at Portland, later yet at the junction where I must change to the little branch road.

A man with a lantern leads me to a little inn that looms in a ocean of rain. He takes it for granted that I want to go to bed. Probably he has never seen a man who did not have that natural inclination at such an hour of the morning.

Next day the weather had changed. The sun shone brightly, but the whole region seemed to be a lake. I had many misgivings, yet the branch train started confidently on time. It ran about ten miles and then stopped while the track ahead was tested and repaired. A few miles farther along the same process was repeated, and so we crept down to Belfast, arriving too late for the boat across the bay.

Mails arrive Sayville about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, coming down by stage along the east bank of the Penobscot. By the best calculation that I could make my letter had been in the very train that had taken me to the junction. It would probably fail to make connections at Bangor because of the storm and would not go down to Sayville until next day, but if I should wait for tomorrow's boat I might be too late to intercept the letter, the margin of time being very narrow. Therefore it was advisable for me to hire my own transportation across the bay.

It was 2 o'clock when we drifted into Sayville harbor.

While I was walking up the main street of the town I encountered Hiram Banks, who was Mr. Hooper's handy man.

"Rather early for summer visitors, ain't it?" he inquired. "How'd ye come? Sailboat, eh? You must 'a' been in a hurry. Goin' up to the house, I suppose. I knew Mr. Hooper'd written to ye. He's sick. Just took; quite bad. I'm goin' for the doctor."

"Has he been to the mail?" I demanded.

"Just come from there," he replied, "when he was sick."

So my letter had come despite my hopes, and it had prostrated the old man. Well, I might have expected as much. What was to be done? My mind refused to take hold of the problem, but some instinct directed my body. I went to the telegraph office and sent this message to Gertrude:

"Matter of R. N. E. necessitates your coming here at once."

Then I went to the Hooper house. The old gentleman was quite ill, and the doctor advised me not to try to see him. I waited till evening, when he was considerably improved, and then I went to his room. His first words let me know that he had not received my letter, but in the meantime I had had a telegram from Gertrude saying that she had started. I had not the resolution to tell Mr. Hooper this. Gertrude must explain her own coming. As to mine, I had no trouble, alleging his letter as the excuse for it.

I went down to the Belfast boat to meet Gertrude next day. My soul feared the sight of her.

The boat did not bring her, and I hurried back to the house. Banks was standing on the steps.

"She came by the stage," said he. "I meant to tell ye 'twas likely."

"The stage?" I gasped.

"It gets in an hour earlier Thursdays," said he. "Don't ye remember?"

GERTRUDE WAS SITTING BESIDE THE COUCH.

"Remember?" I echoed, striking my forehead with my clinched hand. "How should I remember anything? Where is she?"

"Gone up to his room," he replied.

"Have you heard"—

"I ain't heard nothing," said he. "Is there likely to be a rumpus?"

I strode by him into the parlor and flung my overcoat off upon the floor. As I did so something fell out of the breast pocket. I picked it up. It was my letter to Christopher Hooper.

I had forgotten to mail it! All this mental torment, this self accusation, this scurrying across country, this insane summons to Gertrude, had been wholly unnecessary. The affliction which had caused the trouble had in the mystery of divine mercy, averted it, or would have done so but for my own guile.

I tripped the letter open. It was a lengthy communication, but I knew just where to look for the bit of lunacy that had dribbled from my pen. There it stood, most plainly written down, "As her husband is a citizen of Rhode Island." The phrase had recurred to me recurrently in sleep.

The need of the moment was for quick and accurate thought upon the present emergency, but there was no one to think it. I stood wringing the letter in my dripping hands until it was a mere rag, and my mind was wrung in precisely the same way. All I could think of was that Gertrude was in the room over my head. Without a notion as to what I should say or do I rushed up the stairs four at a leap.

Some one said, "Come in!" as I knocked at Hooper's door. Entering, I beheld the old gentleman lying upon a couch and propped up with pillows. His white hair floated round his head. It was of a perfect whiteness and as fine as the strands of a sunbeam. With his clear blue eyes it gave him a certain beauty, and I marked a serenity upon his countenance that was not quite its customary expression.

Gertrude was sitting upon a hassock beside the couch. She had been shedding tears. As I entered she rose quickly and with the spring and the grace of youth. The old man eyed her admiringly in the second's time before she spoke.

"I have confessed all to grandfather, and he has forgiven me," she said. "I am so glad you sent for me!"

Malayan Tree Dwellers.

The Sakais, or tree dwellers, of the Malay peninsula build their houses in forked trees a dozen feet above ground and reach them by means of bamboo ladders, which they draw up when safely housed out of harm's way. The house itself is a rude kind of shed-like affair of bamboo, and the flooring is lashed together piece by piece and bound securely to the tree limbs by rattan.

These curious people are rather small and lighter in complexion than the Malays, though much nearer. They have no form of religion at all—not even idols—no written language and speak a curious form of Malay.

A Modern Instance.

"In some circles of ancient magnificence," said the pedantic person, "it was customary to have a skeleton at the feast."

"We follow that custom at our house," answered Mr. Mockton. "We have a turkey one meal and the skeleton for the next four."—Exchange.

BABIES IN ARABIA.

The Way the Unfortunate Mites Are Clothed and Doctored.

They (Arabian babies) are rubbed with brown powder as soon as they are born, and their eyelids are painted; then instead of being dressed in soft flannels they are wrapped in calico and tied up like a bundle so tight that they cannot move hands or feet; then tight hoods are put on their heads with blue beads sewed on the front to keep off the evil eye. These babies cry a good deal, and I should think they would. They cannot move, and flies and other insects crawl over them and bite them, and the sand gets in their eyes and hurts them.

When a baby is about six weeks old a sacrifice is offered, and the baby's hair is cut and weighed, and the same weight in silver is given to the poor. If he hasn't more hair than some of our six weeks' babies its weight in gold or even diamonds might be given and not make the poor much richer or the parents much poorer. The mother puts charms on his neck and arms, and a verse from the Koran is written and put in a little silver or leather case and hung about his neck to keep off evil.

If he is sick this is his medicine: A verse from the Koran is written with ink on paper; then the ink is washed off, and the inky water is given him to drink. I wish you could see the funny little cradles those babies sleep in. They are made of date sticks tied together. The rockers are almost flat, so when the poor thing is rocked he is so shaken up that if he is a wonder if he is not seasick. I am sure any good American baby would rebel at such treatment.—Record of Christian Work.

Origin of the Turf.

An ancient Talmudic legend relates that Adam on his expulsion from paradise encountered a chilling north wind, against which his scant girdle of fig leaves proved poor protection. As he wistfully cast his eyes over the desolate plain of Shinar he perceived at a great distance a dead thorn bush. Running thither, he crouched behind it, and while still shivering he saw a wild ass come by. "Eat Adam" cried to the beast to lie down alongside and keep him warm. But the ass spake out "For asses sometimes spake in those days as since," saith the commentator, and derided him for not having a warm coat of fur, whereupon Adam waxed wroth and slew the ass with a piece of the thorn tree and, with teeth and nails stripping off the ass' coat, wrapped it around himself. But toward noon, the sun growing hot and a scorching wind arising, Adam conceived the happy thought of hanging the skin over the bush and reposing in the shade thereof. It was done, the tent was invented, and civilization began.—Outing.

Mrs. Stanton and Bad Children.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was fond of children, though not of bad ones.

Once in Boston she was calling on a young woman whose little son, a particularly vicious urchin, played about her while she conversed.

The child would pull his mother's hair, kick and thump her, nor did he hesitate to try how and then these tricks upon Mrs. Stanton.

She said calmly, "You are a bad boy, aren't you?"

"He is a bad boy," his mother in a sad, but resigned voice.

"I prefer bad children, though," said Mrs. Stanton.

"Do you?" cried the young mother. "Why?"

"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "they are usually sent out of the room."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Opals of Various Degrees.

There are several varieties of opals and therefore several degrees of merit. The precious or noble or oriental opal is the supreme. This has all the colors, and when these colors are broken into spangles it is then called the harlequin opal. Then comes the fire opal, or girasole, with hyacinth red and yellow reflection. The former comes from Hungary and the latter from Mexico. The common, or semi-opals, are nonopalescent. The hydrophane, or opalus mundi, is nontransparent, but becomes so by immersion in water or any transparent fluid. The cachalong is nearly opaque and of a bluish white color. The hyalite is colorless, pellucid and white. The opal jasper, or wood opal, is the petrifaction of wood, opalescent, but without the coloring which makes the "noble" gem so precious.

Longevity of Animals.

Statistics of the longevity of animals may not be very accurate, but they are interesting reading. Among the larger species of cattle there is some approach to uniformity. Thus for the horse and donkey the extreme limit is about 35 years and for horned cattle about 30. For the dog it is given as 25, while sheep, goats, pigs and cats are grouped at 15. Among birds the disparities in length of life are very remarkable. While a goose may live to be 30 years of age, a sparrow 25 and a crow 100, ducks, hens and turkeys die of old age at 12. The palm for longevity is divided between the elephant and the parrot, which both often pass the century. The swan and the eagle also are very long lived.

Twelve Miles an Hour.

At the beginning of the last century the royal college of Bavarian physicians sent out to forbid steam railway travel because it would induce delirium furiosum among the passengers and drive the conductors crazy. It in an Effort to comply said that it would at any rate compel the people to confine themselves to the limit of speed allowed the public coaches of twelve miles an hour.

Why They Parted.

He—That young man is broken off.

She—For what reason?

He—Why, he told her one night that when he was at his work her face was always before him.

She—Well?

He—Why, he's a cartoonist!—Yonkers Statesman.

COSTLY PRICE FOR A BATH.

It Was So Much a Pound and the Woman Was Heavy.

"When I was connected with the hotel at Lake Minnetonka several years ago," remarked a hotel man, "we had as a regular summer guest a woman from the south who was remarkably stout, weighing something over 250 pounds. One day she called a bell boy and inquired:

"What do they charge for a bath?

"I don't know," said the boy, "but I'll find out.

"After being gone a short time the boy returned and said:

"Seven cents a pound.

"What?

"Seven cents a pound," said the boy a second time, while the woman's face became scarlet as she made her way to the clerk's desk.

"I want my bill," she exclaimed. "I have been grossly insulted and shall leave your house.'

"She stated her grievance, the boy was sent for and explained:

"She asked me what they charged for bass. I told her I didn't know, but would find out. I asked the steward and he said 7 cents a pound.'

"As the ludicrous blunder of the boy dawned upon them both the clerk and the guest made the hotel office resound with their laughter."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mr. Dolan's Carriage.

Mrs. Dolan, through the agency of butter and eggs, had reached that stage of prosperity where he was able to set up an establishment with a horse and carriage, and nobody begrudged him his success.

"But what's the reason your wife drives round in a carriage with the letter C on it?" inquired one of Mr. Dolan's friends. "You've not changed your name, Terry?"

"Nayther, Joan," said Mr. Dolan gayly; "me name has stood me fifty years, an' it'll last out me toime. But the carriage was a great bargain at second-hand, Joan, and the 'C' was on it. 'Twud cost a bit to change it to a 'D,' and it says to Mary Ann, 'D is a round of a broad belt,' whoile C is more difficile and ornamintal,' I says. 'And, besoide that, it's the very next to D in the alphabet, and, more than all, I says, 'it stands for continted,' and that's what, Ivery Dolan that rides in the carriage will be, so let it stand,' and Mary Ann agreed, wid me."—Youths Companion.

Burglarious Bees.

To the person who knows nothing about bees they represent the supreme type of industry. But even the bee communities are disturbed by those of their own kind who break through and steal. Robber bees are always a source of anxiety to beekeepers, says the London Chronicle, and in the autumn the marauders seem particularly active. Having gathered no honey, or, at any rate, an insufficient supply for themselves, they will descend upon a hive, kill its industrious occupants and carry off the golden treasure in an astonishingly short space of time. We know of one instance in which the attack was developed and the home bees killed in a couple of hours. Sometimes hive will attack neighboring hive. In such cases the old straw "skep" was better than the modern arrangement, for a knife thrust through the top would break the comb and set the honey free, at which the thieves would instantly return to seal up their own store. It is not primarily in their industry that bees are human.

A Funny Chase.

Lord Orford, an eccentric English nobleman, once had a team of red deer stags that he frequently drove to a light coach. All went well until one day there happened to be a pack of staghounds on the road from London to Brighton, along which Lord Orford's picturesque team was merrily fleeting. There followed the strangest chase that ever mortal man witnessed. The hounds hunted the team and its owner hard to Newmarket, and with such a smash into the flam inn yard the whole lot went that there was no more coach left and little more of driver. Lord Orford took to horses after that.

Conquering a Critic.

William Simpson, a British artist, who accompanied the army during the Crimean war, said that Lord Cardigan, the commander, examined his early sketches of Balaklava with "a vacant stare," curtly remarking, "It is all wrong." Still Simpson persevered and was rewarded in the end "with the expression of Lord Cardigan's highest admiration." "The real truth was," he adds in his simple way, "that in the last sketch I had taken greater care than in the first two to make his lordship conspicuous in the front of the brigade."

The Debt Was Forgotten.

Trotter—Why haven't you been in to see me lately?

Ballaw—Well—er—the truth is I was afraid that you might regard my visit as a reminder of the money you owe me.

Trotter—Why, my dear fellow, I had forgotten all about it. Sorry it troubled you.

Too Grabby.

"Some of the young girls nowadays," said Miss Ann Teck, "are positively terrible. The idea of a girl being engaged to two young men at once! It's shameful!"

"And," suggested Miss Pepprey, "it's aggravating, too, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Press.

Tipping the Scales.

"Mr. Antonio," said Mrs. Chromatic, "do you think a little powder would help me shine instead of a paint?"

"Why, lady," chuckled his fat-form friend, "I guess that's when you tip the scales."—Philadelphia Record.

Like a Woman.

"If you'll notice," said Finnick, "the poets invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"

"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the deliacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
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WE DIDN'T BUY

a large assortment of

CUT GLASS,
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for Christmas, but what we did buy are of the finest and latest patterns. No old stock carried over. Come in now and take your pick before they are sorted over.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The trading stamp craze has struck Port Allegany.

—Read Bell Bros.' advertisement in another column.

—Charles Bullock is seriously ill at his home on Cemetery street.

—Holiday goods are advertised by Fry & Herzog this week.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad has a change of time table in this issue.

—The new advertisement of F. G. Lindholm & Co. is interesting this week.

—Mrs. Charles R. Paulson died at her home near Griffith last Friday morning, pneumonia being the cause of her death.

—A change of advertisement of D. C. Young appears this week. It contains many things of interest to the housekeeper.

—A fire proof steel vault built by the Mosler Safe Works has been put in place at Alfred for the preservation of the University records.

—The winter session is a good season for study at Edinboro Normal. Dec. 28th is the time for the opening of the winter term. New catalogue free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—A. E. Stickles, the Racket man, announces this week that he has finished his farming and is now back at the old stand with bargains for everybody. Read his advertisement.

—Edgar Mackey, an actor, who was taken ill with typhoid fever while the Bennett-Moulton company was playing an engagement at Butler, died at the Bradford hospital Sunday morning. He was aged 34 years.

—A white deer was killed last week near Warrensville, Lycoming county. It was clear white and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. A white deer was killed in the same locality nearly three years ago.—Sullivan Review.

—A number of Italians who live at Mt. Jewett were robbed of $740 one night recently. They had been on a spree and forgot to lock their door, in consequence of which lapse of memory they were "touched" by unknown parties.

—H. L. Hauner, a P. & E. brakeman, was held up by a bold highwayman at Wilcox a few days ago. The train was moving along at a rapid pace when the unknown burglar came over the top of the freight cars and before he was detected had the "drop" on his victim. At the point of an ugly looking revolver he took the trainman's gold watch and money.

Which Was His Wife?

A certain Turk, according to rumor, was once married to a veiled lady in white in the presence of the sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared. The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies all dressed in white, but without veils. "Choose from the twelve," exclaimed the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face the command bewildered him. "If you make a mistake," added his majesty "your life shall pay the forfeit." The poor man walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice. "You have only a minute left," yelled the sultan in anger "choose at once." Ten of the ladies, he noticed, gave him nothing else than a stony stare. One of them frowned, the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride, for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance. "No," he said to himself, "it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her." After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up he boldly made a selection from the two. He was successful. He had regained his bride. Which was she, the one who frowned or the one who smiled?

The Democratic Apple.

A southern editor says this in praise of the apple: "The apple is the most democratic of all fruits. The pomegranate is priestly, the grape is royal, the orange is luxurious, the peach and pear are plutocratic, but the apple belongs to the populace. It is symbolic of the country store and the corner grocery. It breathes the free spirit of the American township and village. It has a flavor of old New England and yet a pungency as of the south and middle west. It is mild, palatable, nourishing and promotive of good fellowship and long life."

Oriental Rug Dyes.

In his monograph, "The Oriental Rug," Mr. W. D. Ellwanger, writing on the crucial matter of the dyes used, says:

"One expert Armenian has a sure test for mineral dyes in his tongue. When in doubt he cuts a bit of wool from the rug, nibbles it a minute or so and then pronounces his sure verdict. But the test is a delicate one, and the fruit of knowledge is presumably bitter."

The Nice Thing He Said.

"I'm not given to flattery," drawled Mr. Staylate, "I don't make a point to say nice things to girls!"—

"No? I'm sure that was a nice thing you said to me earlier in the evening," replied Miss Bord, with a yawn.

"What was that?"

"You remarked that you didn't have long to stay, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"He and she both GOT THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you won't regret it."

Barbers in Europe.

"A sure way to break yourself of the habit of going to a barber shop to get shaved is to travel in Europe," said a man who has traveled. "I remember that when I first went to Europe I thought that I would never be able to learn to shave myself and that I was helpless so far as this was concerned. I didn't finish my trip through Europe before I took up shaving, and now I shave myself all the time. The barber shops in Europe, except in England and a few of the larger cities, are the worst of their kind in the world. There are no modern conveniences and mighty little of a sanitary nature. The chairs are uncomfortable, and the barbers are indifferent about how they shave you or what they do with you. They place a big bowl in your lap, and when they have finished with you the supposition is that you will wash your own face in the bowl. There is none of the little luxuries we have over here in the way of bay rum, witch hazel, hot towels, hot water, etc. The American barber shops are the neatest and cleanest in the world, without exception."—Washington Star.

Mexico's Hot Pepper Sellers.

The hot pepper seller of Mexico is a merchant who derives his livelihood from the fact that the Mexican must have his peppers, whatever else he may deny himself. They are brought to his door by the countryman, or he may go to the market place and find them spread out for sale on matting. The market man, while dressed inexpensively as far as his bodily garb is concerned, wears in nearly every instance an elaborate head covering.

Some of these Mexicans own hats that cost as much as the rest of their wardrobe. The pride of the white man in his panama is not to be compared to that of the Mexican in his sombrero. It is a racial characteristic which finds its counterpart in the apron of the Portuguese onion seller. Her occupation may be lowly, but her apron might be that of a woman of higher degree. Plush edged with fur is not uncommon.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Lilies.

Two thousand years ago it was supposed that water lilies closed their flowers at night and retired under the water to emerge again at sunrise. This was Pliny's view, and it remained unchallenged until the English botanist John Ray, in 1688, first doubted its correctness.

The great lily of Zanzibar, one of the greatest of the lily family, opens its flowers ten inches wide between 4 and 5 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. They are of the richest royal blue, with from 150 to 200 golden stamens in the center, and they remain open four or five days.

It is not generally known that there are lilies that have nocturnal habits—night bloomers as well as day bloomers. They are very punctual timekeepers, too, opening and closing with commendable regularity.

Cats Fond of Olives.

"I have often wondered if all cats like olives," remarked a Germantown woman who is very fond of the feline tribe. "All mine do, and I have six. Olives are usually an acquired taste with the human race, but cats seem to take to them naturally, at least mine do. An olive will set any one of them into paroxysms of joy. They will leave milk or fish or any other article of food for it, purring and rolling over it much as though it might have the intoxicating effect of catnip before they finally eat it. I have often fried olives on other cats in the houses of friends and have found them equally appreciative, only they prefer their olives cut up into pieces."—Philadelphia Record.

Glassmaking in Japan.

The art of making glass was introduced into Japan about 150 years ago by a Hollander, who settled at Osaka. For several generations the knowledge of the process was confined to a single family, and it was not until about 1879 that the employment of coal instead of charcoal and the construction of brick chimneys enabled the manufacturers to introduce improvements which placed the industry on a substantial basis. Osaka has continued to be the center of the industry and now manufactures for export besides supplying the home demand.

An English Borough.

In the days of "rotten boroughs" in England that of Gatton Park is said to have been the worst. It had only one qualified voter, and yet it returned two members of parliament. Of course with this right the property was very valuable, and in 1830 it was purchased by Lord Monson for $500,000. Two years later it was disfranchised.

A Domestic Incongruity.

Naggsby—You say that is a picture of the comptroller of the currency and his wife?

Waggsby—Never! I said that was the currency and that that is his wife with him, but controller of his wife—never!—Baltimore American.

Ropes and Strings.

"He seems to think he's a winner with the girls."

"Yes, he thinks he knows the ropes."

"I guess that's why it's so easy for them to get him on a string."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Obstinate.

Magistrate (sternly)—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?

Prisoner—Yes, sir, but I couldn't make the policemen believe it.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE CEREAL PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

THE FIRST LESSON

That the young girl has of womanhood is not seldom a painful one. She learns to know what headache means, and backache, and sometimes is sadly borne down by this new experience of life.

All the pain and misery which young girls commonly experience at such a time, may in almost every instance be entirely prevented or cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity. It tones up the general health, and cures headache, backache, nervousness and other consequences of womanly weakness or disease.

"I received your letter some time ago, with advice about your wonderful medicine," writes Miss Stella Johnson, of 86 Brady Street, Dayton, Ohio. "I was troubled with severe pains every month when I wrote to you for advice. After receiving your letter and following its directions, I am now happy to say that after five years of untold suffering I have not had any pains since first using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I was induced through a friend to write to you and follow your kind advice. I thank God and Dr. R. V. Pierce for the health I now enjoy. I shall urge other women who suffer as I did to use your medicine."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

That is the Coffee for Me.

That is what many a good judge has said after trying Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand of Mocha and Java. It has a rich taste, a pleasing aroma and a clear, deep amber color which win coffee drinkers, no matter how high priced coffee they are accustomed to use.

I have the exclusive sale of this coffee and have had it for 10 years and have yet to find a customer we could not please. Our coffee trade has increased over 100 per cent since we got this coffee agency and we consider ourselves fortunate to hold the agency instead of our competitors

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

A CHRISTMAS OFFER.

I will enlarge a picture in Crayon or Sepia Work for only $3.00 with a good, suitable frame half a dozen different kinds of frames to select from.

Remember such a chance on first class and guaranteed work only comes once in a life time. Small pictures returned with the Portraits.

PLEASE READ THIS:

SMETHPORT, PA., Nov. 19, 1902.

To Whom it may Concern:

I certify that Mr. Chas. Mesler of Smethport, Pa., did some portrait work for me and that it was well executed and satisfactory.

THOMAS A. MORRISON.

Now don't forget the place and this offer is only good until Christmas.

Studio at residence.

CHAS. G. MESLER,
SMETHPORT, PA.
CORNER GREEN AND PINE STREETS.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Smethport — Penn'a.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

OLD FARMER RACK T

Has broke loose again & iz Cutting Prices. You al know that cash will buy much more goods than you can get on tick. We sell for cash only & defy anyone 2 undersel us. Our prices R rock bottom.

We offer U the 20th Century Washer at 75c each. These generally sell for $1.50. Compressed air forces water, air & steam through the fabric quickly removing all dirt without the usual wear & tear. It has no equal for lace curtains, blankets, carpets, &c.

Our High Back Dining Room Chairs are the strongest & prettiest on the market. Our price is $5.75. Will equal any $7.00 set you can find.

Our kitchen chairs R not only cheap at $3.75 but they are xtra strong & heavy and R pretty.

We could sell U chairs still cheaper but do not think it pays 2 handle this grade.

Sewing chairs 80c.

Grandfather's beautiful old arm chair $1.75.

A 33 tempered steel spring couch all hand made & fully warranted by Shearman Bros. of Jamestown. The $28.00 kind goes at $12.00. $12.50 couch goes at $6.00.

All you farmers that need dishes can exchange good butter at 27c lb. for same. We have a fine stock of American & English makes and our prices is the lowest 2 B found any where. Bisk & china novelties, the finest U ever saw. Teacups & saucers 10c to $1.00 each.

Lantern globes, the kind U give 10c for we offer for 5c each.

14 inch Horse Rasp 30c, not 75c.

3½ lb. Feather Pillows 60c, not $1.00.

Men's wool sox 12c to 25c pair.

Felt window shades 10c each (spring rollers).

Men's ½ soles 20c pair.

Iron Shoe Sets 48c. Shoe nails 4c box.

1000 Yankee parlor matches 5c box.

We have just rec'd direct from the manfr—a large quantity of fine fresh candies 10 to 20c lb.

Fresh ground Acme flour $1.30, Northern Light $1.12, Monarch $1.00.

10 lb. sack cornmeal 20c.

Xtra fine peanuts 5c qt.

Nice Denver yellow onions $1.00 bu.

Apples 40 & 50c bu.

Potatoes 55c bu. in 10 bu. lots.

Ladies' and Gents' watch chains warranted for 5 years' wear by manfr., $2.25 to $5.00 each.

Cuff & collar buttons $1.00 to $3.00.

We have a few ladies' toilet sets left over from last year that was $6.50 & $7.00 that we will sell at half price.

Men's heavy duck coats, the $1.50 kind goes at $1.25.

Heavy wool pants $2.00. These are new fresh goods received this week.

Long handle 4 tine steel manure forks 50c.

Pocket knives 25 to 55c.

Razors 30c to $1.40.

We have $75.00 stock of Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Tooth Powder, Cream of Crushed Roses Curling Fluid, Persian Secret Beautifier, Quinine, Hair Tonic, &c. Immense quantities of Bisk & China Novelties. All high art goods.

A. E. STICKLES,

EAST SMETHPORT — Dec. 1, 1903.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

Brasted's LINE OF BREAD,

PIES, etc., are the BEST

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1903.

Announcement.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

W. F. BREWSTER.

Ormsby, Pa., Nov. 4, 1903.

REPRESENTATIVE PARKER of New Jersey has introduced in Congress a bill restoring the canteen in the army. It provides that only malt liquors and light wines shall be disposed to the soldiers in limited quantity.

IT is about time that the voters of this Borough commenced picking out some good timber for school directors to be elected next February. Six new directors are to be elected at the coming election—two to serve three years, two to serve two years and two to serve one year. The old board will carry out their respective terms which will give us new directors for the coming year. It is always important that the best men of a town be elected to this office and it is time that the selections were being made.

WAY pay Panama $10,000,000 bonus for Territorial rights and privileges which we could force the little republic to grant for nothing? Because we have already made, in a treaty duly ratified on our part, the offer of $10,000,000 bonus to Colombia for rights and privileges very much less desirable than those which we are to secure from Panama by the Hay Bunau-Varilla agreement. But why persist in this act of justice to Panama, now that General Rafael Reyes comes to us professing that the Bogota government, in view of events beyond its control is willing to concede gratis the territorial rights for which it so recently refused $10,000,000 and attempted to extort $25,000,000? Because, even if this concession by Colombia were assured, and even if the territorial rights thus to be obtained were equivalent to those which Panama grants, the overthrow of the young republic by the same hand that welcomed it to existence, for a bribe of ten millions, or for any number of millions, would be a national infamy of a magnitude incalculable. That is the whole of the $10,000,000 question.—Brailford Record.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 30, 1903.

Minister Varilla has received advices from Panama informing him that the canal treaty will be ratified by the Junta and returned to Washington without delay. There is no opposition to the treaty on the isthmus. When the ratified treaty reaches Washington it will be sent at once to the Senate.

General Reyes, the Colombian representative, has arrived in Washington. If his credentials are in order he will be received by the President. His purpose of going thence to Colombia is, of course, of serious import. His government, in spite of raising 100,000 men to fight the United States, are not taken aback. Probably his mission will end in an attempt to secure a money indemnity for Colombia and enforce Panama to assume a pro rata portion of Colombia's debt. In the latter demand he will be supported by England and other European governments. In fact the first work by Sir Mortimer Durand, the new British ambassador, who has just arrived here, will be to press the claims of English bondholders, that Panama assume a fair share of Colombia's debt. The fact that the representations will be made to our government, shows that the dependent status of Panama, is recognized by England.

When it was announced in the Senate that Senator Hanna was to succeed Senator Morgan as chairman of the committee on inter-oceanic canals, the aged champion of the Nicaraguan route rose and in a speech which lasted the greater part of two sessions of the Senate, made a most bitter attack on the President and on his policy in Panama. Before he finished his sarcastic remarks the Senator had to request the privilege of speaking from his seat. By declaring that President McKinley favored the Nicaraguan route he got into a dispute with Senator Hanna, who showed that McKinley had no preference in the matter. Senator Morgan declared, "Hereafter, Nov. 3, 1903, will be a saint's day, to be celebrated by all filibusters who destroy government in the interests of peace."

Senator Nowlands' invitation to Cuba to join the union was opposed by Senators Lodge, Hale and O. H. Platt, who pointed out in the debate that such an invitation would be looked upon as a command, that it would expose this country to the suspicion of desiring to annex Latin American territory and that it would weaken the hands of the present administration of Cuba, under which the island had enjoyed such remarkable prosperity. Many interesting and important points were brought out in the discussion. Senator Hale said that he believed that the men who were listening to him would live to see Canada and the United States united. Senator Lodge expressed the same sentiment, by saying he hoped all the European flags on this continent would return to Europe as did Spain's. Senator Platt of Conn., the author of the Platt amendment, declared that this government exercised no protectorate over Cuba, and that Cuba was not our ward. Quoting McKinley, he said, "We are neighbors, we must be close friends." Senator Teller said that without entering into the debate he wished to state positively that Cuba was in no way a dependency of the United States, and that any international lawyer would declare such a concession ridiculous. Senator Newlands argued the trade advantages Cuba would gain by union, and said that his resolution considering merely Cuba's welfare, that the acceptance of the invitation would be decided by popular vote, and that the Cubans had therefore no cause for alarm.

Speaker Cannon refused to consent to the adjournment of Congress before the regular session, as the Senate desired, and as neither branch of Congress can adjourn for more than three days without consent of the other the Senate will have to remain in session. The Senators postponed the vote on the Cuban bill until December 16, and the Speaker of the House declared that Congress shall not adjourn until action is taken on the measure for which it was convened in extra session. The President supports Speaker Cannon. In the House Mr. Williams, the minority leader, attacked the Republicans because they were keeping Congress in session without doing business, and demanded that action be taken on his resolution, calling for reciprocity negotiations with Canada. Mr. Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee, pointed out that the present was not a proper moment to deal with Canada as she was still smarting under the Alaskan boundary decision.

Former President Grover Cleveland will never again be the nominee of his party for the Presidency. He made this emphatic declaration in an open letter, in which he says: "In full view of every consideration presented, I have not for a moment been able, nor am I now able to open my mind to the thought that in any circumstances or upon any consideration I should ever again become the nominee of my party for the Presidency. My determination not to do this is unalterable and conclusive." Much of the support given Cleveland will now go to Alton Brooks Parker, chief judge of the Court of Appeals of New York.

Harmony between Senator Platt and Governor Odell of New York has been established through the efforts of President Roosevelt, who summoned them both to the White House for an exchange of views and a general clearing up of misapprehensions. There had been much rivalry between the two men for control of the State machine and the quarrel threatened the harmony of the Republican party in a State which has long been regarded as necessary to whichever party is to win the national election. Senator Platt is to remain the leader of the party, but the Governor is to take a more active part in the management of party affairs. Both the Governor and Senator have declared for President Roosevelt's re-election and feel confident that he will carry the State next fall.

The treaty ceding the Isle of Pines to Cuba has been ratified by the Senate. The Treaty of Paris left this island for future determination as to its ownership. In return for naval and coaling stations in Cuba, the United States government confirms the title of the insular republic to the Isle of Pines.

The politicians of Illinois, who have been boosting Speaker Cannon for the vice presidential nomination, have received a set back by a statement issued by the Speaker's secretary, which says, "As Speaker of the House the full mead of his ambition, so far as public office is concerned, is satisfied. Even if he would be an available candidate, his nomination is not to be thought of for a moment." He added that the Speaker had no desire for the place now occupied by Senator Frye, president pro tem. of the Senate.

For Sale.

A good new milch cow. Inquire of John N. Apple, Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

HOLIDAY OPENING.

Every Dept. in the big store is loaded down with beautiful and useful goods. More than ordinary care has been given to the selection for Christmas trade. The basement is now ready with a wonderful display of toys. On the main floor you will find gloves, hosiery, shoes, underwear, ribbons, ladies' and gents' neckwear, beautiful silks, dress goods, linens, traveling bags and suit cases, blankets, and by the way, we are now having a reduced price sale on blankets; Sterling Silver Novelties, Gold Clocks, etc. etc.

On the second floor are furs, silks and cotton waists, suits, skirts, coats, boys' clothing, lace curtains, draperies, Rugs, &c.

On the third floor and annex is a great display of Christmas furniture, which may be selected and we will deliver it when wanted.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

McCoy's Drug Store.

We have had so many calls for The Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, with an accidental insurance, that we have added a show case full of them to our stock and we invite your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Get Into Line

And follow the crowd to our store where you will find a complete assortment of

STETSON SHOES

AT

$5.00 and $6.00.

We have shoes for everybody and we guarantee to please in style and price. New goods are arriving daily. Call and look over our stock.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

New Goods

Just received direct from New York, a large line of ladies dress skirts. Great values at low prices.

Also have a good assortment of ladies' and children's cloaks.

Do not forget to look at our furs before purchasing.

Now is the time to buy your winter millinery. Our stock is large. Prices lower than you will find elsewhere.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

A PRESCRIPTION

Guaranteed to keep you comfortable in cold weather.

Is Your Temperature Going Down?

Try Overcoat treatment, guaranteed cure for cold, taken in small, medium or long doses. All sorts of good overcoats, $3.25 to $25.00

Temperature Still Going Down?

Try suit treatment, gets nearer to you than overcoats and comes at attractive prices. Good sorts marked $4.00 to $20.00.

Your Temperature Gone Down as Far as it Can? No?

Try our good warm underwear, all styles, kinds and grades, 25c to $2.50 per garment.

THERE! We have made you comfortable at last and you'll stay so all winter. Pocketbook isn't hurt much either, is it?

Sole agent for the Terhune Union Made Shoes, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00.

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS

D. C. Young's Department Store.

Headquarters for Purple Stamp Premiums, the finest premiums ever given in this town. So save your purple stamps as you are sure to get a valuable premium for every book you fill.

Call and look over my stock as I have just received a line of new goods and can save you money on Rubber goods for men, women and children.

BOOTS & SHOES,
NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS, &c.

And always a fresh line of groceries on hand, also hand-picked apples.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 1, 1903.

GOODS DELIVERED.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.

Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

We are sole selling agents for the

Glone-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg. Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

Queen Quality Shoes for Women. RED STAMPS Packard Shoes for Men.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Cloaks, Men's Furnishings

Great Display of Yuletide Goods.

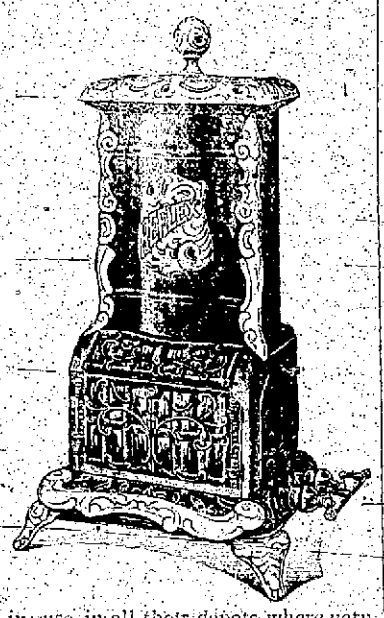
Saturday, Dec. 5, our stock of Holiday Goods will all be ready for the early shoppers. By making an early selection of your Christmas Goods you will avoid the crowds of the final rush and the assortment will be complete.

Our large stock contains innumerable useful, sensible and pleasing Christmas Gifts for Ladies, Men, Girls and Boys.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Double Stamps on Opening Day. Double Stamps on Opening Day.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a RIFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mrs. J. H. Biever is slightly better.

—It is now unlawful to kill deer in this State.

—See R. C. Gibason's local in regard to paying taxes.

—Guns are advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—Note the change of time card of the P., S. & N. R. R. this week.

—Miss May Choate entertained the Whist Club Tuesday evening.

—Bradford has a case of smallpox. Guy E. Latshaw is the unfortunate.

—The Invincibles will meet at the home of Miss Martha Brennan to-night.

—The open season for partridge and rabbits closes on the 15th of this month.

—The Amateur Whist Club will meet with Mrs. J. B. Eastman next Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman calls attention to the new goods at her store in a change of advertisement to-day.

—Guy Brothers Minstrels were always popular in Smethport. See them at the Lyceum next Thursday.

—The members of the Robert Burns club gave a very pleasant social dance at the hose house Thanksgiving night.

—The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold their annual Christmas Market Friday, December 11, afternoon and evening.

—You cannot spend the winter months to better advantage than by attending the Clarion State Normal School. Term begins Jan. 4.

—A Basket Ghost Social will be held at the Union church in East Smethport, Saturday night, Dec. 5, 1903. All are invited to attend.

—A number of Smethport young people attended the Chrysanthemum Minstrels and Catholic Fair at Mt. Jewett last Thursday evening.

—Don't fail to attend the meeting of the Businessmen's Association in Justice Knapp's office in the hose house to-night at 8 o'clock. Business of importance will come up to-night.

—There is no better holiday gift to send to a distant friend than the home paper. The MINER is only $1 per year when paid for in advance.

—Toilet articles and face lotions are advertised by H. O. Wells. He has one of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport. Everything is the very best.

—Guy Brothers Minstrels will be the next attraction at the Lyceum, Thursday, Dec. 10. They are larger and better than ever before. Don't fail to see them.

—A cooked food sale will be held on Thursday afternoon, December 17, by the W. C. T. U. Your patronage is solicited. Full particulars will be given later.

—Dr. W. A. Ostrander, who has been confined to his rooms for nearly a week past, suffering with a severe attack of grip, is somewhat improved at this writing.

—The new advertisement of The Fair appears in this issue. The Fair is Bradford's most popular dry goods house and receives a large patronage throughout the county.

—Holiday shopping will soon be at its height and don't forget to keep a tab on the advertisements in the MINER. The local merchants are hustlers and will give you some valuable hints in their advertisements.

—The Republican primaries for Keating township will be held in the usual place in the respective districts at the usual hours on Saturday, Dec. 13. Officers to be elected at the February election will be nominated at this time.

—A barber in town told a good joke on himself the other day. He said that a steady customer asked him to save him all the tobacco coupons that he got. He did so and with them the customer got a safety razor and is now shaving himself.

—"Lanky Bob" Fitzsimmons defended George Gardner in a 20-round boxing match at San Francisco last Wednesday night. Fitz was unable to knock Gardner out, but he had by far the best of the fight and was given the decision on points at the end of the bout.

—Albert Anderson, of the firm of Anderson & Carlson, has been suffering with a very painful hand for the past week. Several days ago, while opening a box at his place of business, he ran a sliver in his finger and blood poisoning set in. He is somewhat improved now.

—Fred T. McCarty, a well-known Smethport boy, who is now located at Cloudcroft, New Mexico, has recently been appointed manager of the Travers and Cornelius estate. This estate is largely interested in lumber operations and therefore Mr. McCarty is to be congratulated on his appointment.

—An example of household economy is reported from St. Louis in the case of two young women who earn $30 a week and who manage to feed themselves satisfactorily for $1 a week. With such a talent for living in poverty, it will be just like these young women to insist on marrying into rich families.

—The boiler in Wright's mill on Cole creek exploded on Monday morning last. Although the mill was considerably damaged no one was injured. The cause of the explosion must be laid to the natural cussedness of the boiler, as the steam gauge indicated but a 75 pound pressure and she had two gauges of water.

—The measuring party at the Epworth chapel last Thursday evening was a success in every detail and proved conclusively that the members of the M. E. Sunday school are the best of entertainers. A short literary and musical program was given and just before it was all over choice refreshments were served.

—"Stop Young Lying" is an injunction which will be enforced next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. The message of Micah, the Prophet of the Poor, to Judah in her Alarm; Holding Forth Hope of a Deliverer and its Ideal of Religion, Involving Social Justice, Magnanimity and Humility, will be given in the morning.

—The dance given by the L. O. R. M. of Smethport at the Lyceum on Wednesday night of last week was a very pleasant social event. The attendance was not as large as it should have been, but everybody who attended had a delightful time. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music and a bountiful repast was served by T. J. Young.

—The Board of Health of Kane has ordered that both the public and parochial schools of that place be closed for a period of two weeks on account of a number of cases of diphtheria among the scholars. This action has caused a good deal of adverse comment by the citizens of Kane because they claim that town was never freer from contagious diseases than at present.

—For the benefit of those desiring to attend the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, to be held at Wilkesbarre, December 8 to 11, the Pennsylvania railroad will sell round-trip tickets to Wilkesbarre from all stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania, December 7 to 10, good to return until December 12, inclusive, at reduced rates (minimum rate, 25 cents).

—The Coudersport Enterprise says that it is a common thing for local bowlers to make a "spare" out of a "Brooklyn." Evidently someone has been "joshing" our friend Mundy or else they do not know what a "Brooklyn" is over there. Perhaps when our bowling team organizes for the season they may induce the Coudersport experts to instruct them in a series of games.

—Here is a chance for some of our beaux and belles to make Smethport famous and also relieve the stringency in the money market: Physical beauty will be on exhibition in Madison Square Garden, New York, during the week beginning Dec. 28, when an international contest will be held, with prizes to be awarded by popular vote. The most perfect man and the most beautiful woman will each receive $1,000.

He and she both GET THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you won't regret it.

The MINER and New York Tribune Farmer, $1.25 per year in advance.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

[illegible] Best, therefore [illegible] patronage is solicited.

W. C. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street. Smethport, Pa

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $12 50. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents and for their expenses. We have no "drummers." School stands on its merits. Call or write, WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as BROMO-PEPSIN. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, BROMO-PEPSIN is equally and as promptly effectious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at 50 cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Sadie Burns of Kane is visiting friends in town.

County Supt. J. E. Myers was a Kane visitor Tuesday.

J. N. Apple had business in Pittsburg the latter part of last week.

Rev. J. H. McCandless was a visitor in Buffalo the forepart of the week.

Miss Emma Dunaday of Buffalo is home, called here by the illness of her mother.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Pierce spent Thanksgiving with the doctor's parents in Warren.

Paul Green came home from Salamanca and spent Thanksgiving with his parents in town.

Mrs. R. H. Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., is the guest of her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

Miss Dewly Davis of Bradford was the guest of Smethport friends several days during the past week.

Earl Abbey of Olean visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Abbey, a few days during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y., were guests of Smethport relatives Thanksgiving day.

Harry Brown of Mt. Jewett attended the confirmation services at St. Luke's church last Saturday evening.

Miss Florence McAuley returned to her home in Bradford Tuesday after a few days' visit with friends in town.

Mrs. J. M. Blake of Eldred was the guest of her daughters, Mrs. J. C. Backus and Miss Bessie, a few days this week.

Mrs. Thomas Camp and daughter, Miss Mabel, returned home Saturday from an extended visit in New Castle, and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Digel of 117 East Main street, Bradford, were over and took Thanksgiving dinner with his mother, Mrs. A. Digel, of 102 Water street.

Holiday goods arriving daily at Holder's. Stop in and see them. Silverware, jewelry, etc., at prices to suit the times.

WANTED—To buy an old safe, medium size, for shop. Must be cheap for cash. Address Chas. Phalon, Newert, Pa.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

The Fair,

22 MAIN ST.

THE GIFT SEASON

There are two stages of holiday trading. The "just looking" time and the time for action.

We have a whole lot of those things which you would be awfully interested in at present if only to look at. This store delights in showing goods—the quality and kind of goods are such that we take pride in showing.

Besides the complete departments that we offer all the year 'round, The Fair has always had an enviable reputation for choiceness in display of

HOLIDAY GOODS

Indeed, for every little girl in Smethport we have a doll that is the most pleasing in Dolldom.

COATS & FURS.

The stocks are at their best now. It might seem a difficult task to you to get good value and style at the outlay of little money but if you had seen some of those garments we sold at $7.00, $10.00 and $15.00 it wouldn't take you long to decide which was the Best Coat Store.

As to furs, there is something about Holiday Furs—that is the stock that has just arrived—that makes one give them the preference.

They cost no more, but there is a certain extra finish, lustre and make about them that "gets the eye" of good judges. Thus we find it best to make selections now to be laid aside.

We have met the craze for light and dark Fox scarfs by ordering weeks in advance. Result, a grand array of single and double genuine fox scarfs at $7.50 to $37.50, with new Pillow Muffs to match.

And in closing let us remind you that there is no place in Bradford that is selling dry goods as cheap as The Fair.

Investigation proves that.

The Fair,

R. Rosenberg, - Bradford, Pa.

Elwood Gaskin's NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell 'Phone

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG HOLIDAY GOODS

—OPENING THIS WEEK.

SPECIAL PICTURE DISPLAY

The early Christmas shopper is the satisfied one. Perhaps last year you were one of the late ones and suffered the annoyances of crowded aisles and delay in getting served. These things are bound to exist during the last week or two as we cannot get salespeople enough to wait upon everyone promptly in the last few days.

Make your selection now and enjoy the advantages of the best of service and complet assortments of

Toys	Furs	Handkerchiefs
Games	Work Bexes	Neckwear
Sleds	Sterling Silver	Gloves
Juvenile Books	Calendars	Umbrellas
Childrens Chairs	Toilet Sets	Men's furnishings

FRY & HERZOG.

LONG DISTANCE Single Barrel SHOTGUN $4.50

THIS FINE GUN is made by expert gun makers, every part and piece fitted perfect and reinforced so it cannot shoot loose or shaky, strong, rigid steel frame built extra solid to withstand the use of any nitro powder, breech loading, barrel of finest crucible rolled steel, taper choke bored to size from the solid bar, latest improved top snap and rebounding hammer, best quality steel works, extra strong spring, fine walnut stock, heavy rubber butt plate, full pistol grip, thoroughly tested for pattern, penetration and strength.

Breech loading, made with finest blued crucible rolled steel barrel, taper choke bored to size from the solid bar and bored for any nitro powder. GUARANTEED an accurate shooter, a sure killer at a long distance and absolutely the best gun in the world at anywhere near the price.

We carry a large stock of these guns on hand. You have no express charges to pay. Come to our store, examine the gun and if you like it it's yours for $4.50. You take no chances. You see the gun before you buy it. If it is not right we are here to make it right.

DON'T HESITATE, BUY TO-DAY.

We are headquarters for Shotguns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition and Sportsmen's Goods of all kinds. Trading Stamps Given.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Diamonds and Watches.

Why not make your selection now while the stock is complete. Don't wait until the rush begins before you look for such gifts—the time is now.

We allow you the privilege of selecting anything in the stock, have it laid aside until Christmas, pay on it as you like.

We can save you money on Diamonds besides showing you as fine a stock as can be found in the larger cities. Prices are guaranteed. If you are dissatisfied you can have your money back.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town. **Prill,** 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soff and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.

Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.

Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.

They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block THE FAMOUS CLOTHING STORE. Smethport Penna.

It Is False

economy to buy a shoddy Cotton Overcoat or Suit at $7.00 or $8.00 (said to be wool but isn't) when you can get here a GUARANTEED

ALL WOOL SUIT or OVERCOAT at $9.50

They are stylishly tailored and well fitting garments and $12.00 for either would be agreat bargain. This offer is worth your investigation be buying elsewhere.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

Wm. Monheimer.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

By ELIZABETH McKEAN

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

"I wonder why Dora has so many suitors." From within the bow window Marguerite watched Dora tripping down the path attended by one of her most devoted.

"Envious?" asked Amy, with a laugh.

"Oh, I don't know," her chum answered, flinging her slender length into the Morris chair. "I certainly never think of wanting them until some football game which I would really like to see comes along. Now Dora is going, and I don't believe she either knows or cares about football."

"No, I suppose she knows and cares more about the suitor," replied the cynical Amy. "But do come back to work. We have 600 lines of this to review and more Odyssey."

Marguerite reluctantly took up her book.

"Yes, there's Penelope now," she remarked meditatively. "It's easier to understand why she should have so many suitors."

"Marguerite, are you out of your mind?" her friend asked impatiently.

"No, but I'm tired of working. Let's have some cocoa. You make it. Seriously, quite apart from football, I find this question scientifically interesting."

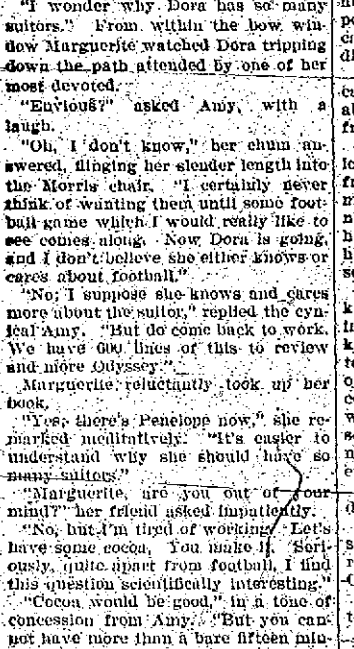
"Cocoa would be good," in a tone of concession from Amy. "But you cannot have more than a bare fifteen minutes for your scientific research."

She obligingly proceeded to busy herself about the tea table while Marguerite went off into a brown study, supposedly about suitors.

"Well, what luck?" asked Amy when the kettle began to boil.

"I give it up," sighed Marguerite. "Why you, who combine all graces, especially those of the tea table—thank you," as she took the cup of cocoa—"you who combine all graces with an infinite amount of cleverness, should apparently have no suitors at all, while little Dora, who is only tolerably pretty and who certainly has not much sense"—

"Has them by the dozen," interrupted Amy. "It is amusing, but please don't



"I GIVE IT UP," SIGHED MARGUERITE AS SHE TOOK THE CUP.

worry about me. I find you quite sufficient and a most appreciative admirer."

"This is Dora playing the fascinator," and Marguerite sat up with an innocent, admiring expression on her face. "Oh, Mr. Brown, do you really think so? Do you think you could teach me to play pingpong?"

"And Mr. Brown thinks he would love to, of course," laughed Amy. "Marguerite, what a mimic you are! You are irresistible. I understand why Dora has suitors now. Only act Dora, and you will have a hundred."

"Well, I am going down to that house party at Asbury Park, you know, a week after college closes, and I believe I will try it. No one who really knows me will be there, so I'll just be Dora for scientific purposes."

"Beware, you may get into trouble."

"Well, if I do, I can get out of it just by being myself again, like Dr. Jekyll," Marguerite explained.

"Perhaps, but perhaps not," warned her friend. "You will come to me in August anyway to report, and I will get you out if you fall in."

* * * * * * *

In August Marguerite came to spend a week with her friend in the mountains. Amy noticed immediately a slight preoccupation in her manner, a difference from her usual blithe unconcern. Remembering of a sudden the house party and its possible consequences, she asked carelessly:

"How about the house party, Marguerite? Did you forget that you were going to make a scientific research there? You never spoke of it in your letters, and I am dying to know whether you played Dora."

"My dear, I did," Amy answered, with a momentary flash of mischievous merriment, "and with such effect! Before the end of the week I had three perfectly devoted—and another. But," more seriously, "I did rather get into trouble."

"What, Daisy, trouble you are not yet out of?" exclaimed Amy in alarm "It is six weeks ago! Where are these three—and the other?"

"The three? Oh, they're all gone. I wish you could have seen how one after the other failed me as soon as I came out in my true colors. It was most uncomplimentary. They wanted to come to see me at home, but I was tired of playing, so disillusioned them. I said that I had to read some Greek this summer and invited the most persistent one, Jim Trubbleton—really a nice fellow—to come and do Greek composition with me. But he never even called. I think he was afraid I really did nothing else in my true character."

"Oh, Marguerite," Amy interrupted eagerly, "do drop them and tell me about the other one. He worries me from the start."

"Yes, me, too," replied Marguerite, looking troubled again. "I liked him from the first, and he liked Dora immensely. At the end of the visit I did not quite like to let him go, so I left him without disillusioning and asked him to ride over to Willowbridge to see me sometimes.

"Well, he did come; came often. I kept putting off disillusionment, playing a kind of modification of Dora, you know, and wondering whether or not to ask him to do Greek with me. Then one day only about a week ago I discovered that he was seriously in love with me, or Dora, rather. He told me so. And, what's worse, I find that I—not Dora at all, but I myself—am rather more than half in love with him."

"Marguerite, are you engaged? What did you say to him?"

"Engaged? Of course not! You don't suppose that I want to be Dora for the rest of my life. I asked him to do Greek with me."

"Well, what then? You don't mean to say he disappeared?"

"No. He said he would do Greek—would do anything. Then I proceeded to make myself out a fearful grind, told him I would not leave college. I asked him how he dared to ask me and finally told him the whole story. He looked so queer I even offered to introduce him to the real Dora, if he liked.

"But he got very angry then. He said he never wanted to see Dora and asked me if I did not suppose he had any sense and whether I could not be reasonable and believe he had seen through me all the time.

"I was sure he hadn't. Besides, I didn't like the slur on my acting. I know I did Dora perfectly. I simply told him that it was impossible for me to love a man who could fall in love with a girl like Dora. So here I am, Amy mine, still quite yours. Of course I will not marry him when he did not fall in love with the real me."

"But, Marguerite," cried Amy ungratefully, "you do not mean to say that you sent him off that way if you are really so much in love with him! Didn't you, couldn't you give him a word of encouragement?"

"Amy, how can you ask me? No, of course not. Although," she added falteringly, "I did tell him that if he really cared for me he might begin all over again in the fall, and I think, perhaps, he may."

Sin Eaters.

"Sin eaters" of the old days, like "minutes" of quite recent times, were hired performers at funerals. In consideration of sixpence in money, a bowl of beer and a crust of bread these slaves as they were called—"long, lean, ugly, lamentable rascals"—would by eating over the body take upon themselves all the sins of the deceased and so free him from afterward walking the earth as a ghost, so that his soul might rest in peace.

This custom prevailed all over Wales and the adjoining English counties and was observed in the strictest time of Presbyterian government even down to 1686. The usage is said to have arisen from a mistaken interpretation of Hosea iv: 8, "They eat up the sin of my people."

The more likely origin of this strange custom is the Levitical scapegoat. A much later remnant of this obtained at Amersden, Oxfordshire, where after every funeral a cake and a flagon of ale were brought to the minister in the church porch.

A Half Solved Mystery.

Detroit has a suburban grocer who is something of a joker, and, having bought a crock of butter of Uncle Reuben a few days ago, he slipped a five pound stone in the empty crock and exhibited it to the farmer and said:

"Uncle Reub, I've known you for the last five years, and I'd have sworn that you were an honest man. I'm sorry to see this."

"Waal, that half solves the mystery," replied the old man as he picked up the stone, hefted it and looked it over in a puzzled way.

"What mystery?" queried the grocer.

"Three or four days ago a strange dog came along by our place, and my son Bill heaved this rock at him. The dog and the stone disappeared like a flash, and, though Bill hunted around for half an hour, he couldn't find either. I can't say where the dog got to, but the rock must have come down on this crock of butter and sunk to the bottom out of sight!"—Detroit Free Press.

Both Correct.

A schoolmaster one day asked the dunce of the school some very simple questions in arithmetic. He was surprised to find that he got the right answers, and when he had finished he said to the boy, "Correct; sit down."

"Now," said the schoolmaster, "see if you have sense enough to ask me some questions."

The boy pondered for a moment and then said, "Please, sir, what would three yards of calico cost if cotton was tuppence a reel?"

"I think you take me for a fool," said the schoolmaster.

"Correct; sit down!" returned the boy.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward, Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver and Sulphur Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

THE WILY POSSUM.

How the Cunning Animal Leads His Pursuers Astray.

The possum will usually go home by a tree trunk road. Through the open country on the boundaries of his range he trots along without minding his steps. The dogs may have all the fun here with his trail that they can. He intends only that they shall not find his home tree nor even the vicinity of it.

So as he enters his own neighborhood swamp his movements change. The dogs may be hard after him or not. If they are not close behind he knows by long experience that they may be expected and never so far forgets his precious skin as to go straight to his nest tree.

Instead he trots along a boundary fence or in the stream, leaping the crossing logs and coming out likely on the bank opposite his home tree. Further down he jumps the stream, runs hard toward a big gum and from a dozen feet away takes a flying leap, catching the rough trunk up just out of the reach of the keen nosed dogs. He goes on up a little and leaps again, touching the ground ten feet out, thus leaving a blank of twenty or more feet in his trail.

The stream or fence has puzzled the dogs, but now at the tree they begin to worry. They circle and finally pick up the scent beyond the first gap only to run instantly into a greater blank, one that the wildest circling does not cross, for the possum has taken to another tree, out on the limbs of this to still another and on, like a squirrel from tree to tree for perhaps a hundred yards, on, it may be, to his own high hollow.—National Magazine.

Thorny Path of the Musician.

It is the bitter truth that fairly good musicians too often find after years of study and expense that it is almost impossible to secure a hearing and that money must go out where it is expected to come in. The debut of a singer not infrequently involves serious outlay, including a paid manager whose duties cover not only such details as the renting of a hall, advertising, purchase of floral tributes, etc., but the drumming up of a "paper" audience as well, and free tickets are not always rewarded by applause or press notices. The greatest check to an artistic career is to become a fad with the so called smart set, whose interest is fleeting and undiscriminating, yet bills must be paid, patronage represents money, and few can resist the temptation to seek it. Finally it is shortsighted policy for a novice to appear side by side with an experienced artist. It may bring financial return, but when an obscure young person makes a first bow to the public, "assisted by" a celebrity, comparison is inevitable.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Deepest Lake.

Lake Baikal, in Siberia, is by far the deepest lake known in the world. It is in every way comparable to the great lakes as regards size, for, while its area is more than 9,000 square miles, making it about equal to Erie in superficial area, its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes the volume of its waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above sea level, its bottom is nearly 3,000 feet below it.

The Caspian sea has a depth in its basin of more than 3,000 feet. Lake Maggiore is the same depth, Lake Como nearly 2,000 feet, and Lago de Garda, another Italian lake, has a depth in certain places of 1,300 feet. Lake Constance is more than 1,000 feet deep, and Huron and Michigan reach depths of 900 and 1,000 feet.

His First and Last.

An amusing story is told of Masseñet's solitary experience with a gun. It was when he was a Prix de Rome musical student at the Villa Medicis, which has given to the world so many composers. He bought a brand new gun and a beautiful dog, which ran between its new master's legs at the first shot and nearly precipitated a disaster. Somehow Masseñet was always late with things that either flew or ran; but, noticing a pike basking near the edge of a pool, he fired at the fish and killed it, afterward returning to Rome with it on the end of his gun, as the local custom is. This was Masseñet's first shooting party; it was also his last.

Cherries in Switzerland.

In mediæval times there was no private ownership in cherry trees in Switzerland. They belonged to the community, and there were special regulations as to their picking. At Altstatten, in the canton of Zurich, this custom was still in vogue early in the last century. At some places a special bell was rung to indicate that the cherries were ripe. Then it was first come first served.

A Sad Experience.

"Did you have a pleasant voyage?"

"No," sighed the beautiful American heiress. "It was one of the saddest experiences of my life. There were two counts and a duke aboard, but the weather was so rough that they never came out of their rooms."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wee Bit Deaf.

Mrs. Newlywed—I made a big batch of these biscuit today.

Mr. Newlywed—You did indeed, dear.

Mrs. Newlywed—How do you know how big a batch I made?

Mr. Newlywed—Oh, I thought you said "botch."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not There.

"Yes," said the star boarder, "I've got an attack of dyspepsia."

"I'm sure you didn't get it here," snapped Mrs. Stintem promptly.

"Certainly not. The doctor said I got it from eating something."—Exchange.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

BERLIOZ, THE UNGALLANT.

What the Composer Wrote in Adelina Patti's Album.

Mme. Adelina Patti at the height of her celebrity kept an album in which all the notable people of her acquaintance were expected to write or paint or sketch or compose some little telling fragment.

Berlioz had already refused a dozen times to have anything to do with the volume. One evening, however, seeing that he was in an unusually genial frame of mind, she went up to him, book in hand, and sugared her request with a bribe.

"Master, if you will write one little thing in my album, a line even, I will give you your choice of two rewards. You shall either have a kiss or you shall have a wonderful pate de foie gras which has just been sent to me from Toulouse."

Berlioz smiled and was silent for a moment. Presently he said, "Give me your album." Instantly he was provided with writing necessities. Then he wrote, "Oportet pate." "What does it mean?" asked Mme. Patti, puzzled. "It means, my child, 'Bring the pate,'" answered Berlioz sweetly.

Mme. Patti pouted and then fetched the promised pate.—Annales.

Clever Caterpillars.

Caterpillars accommodate themselves wonderfully to circumstances and display at critical periods of their development very high powers of instinct, which may seem akin to reasoning.

Huber describes a succession of processes by which one of them constructs a most complicated hammock for its approaching change into chrysalis form. He found that a caterpillar taken from its hammock and put in another nest at an earlier stage of construction did not seem puzzled, but took up the work methodically as he found it and carried it to completion from that point.

If, however, a caterpillar was put into a hammock that had been carried to a later stage than its own had reached, instead of feeling any benefit from work thus done for it, it became embarrassed and would go over the already advanced work from the stage with which it was itself familiar before it could complete the task.

From these facts we may gather that each condition leads on in definite order to the next and that results are due to a proper sequence apart from any actual calculation.

Winning a Fur Coat.

The artist Hans Canon once painted a Russian prince in a magnificent fur mantle which took his fancy so greatly that he endeavored to hit on a plan by which he might retain possession of it. On sending home the portrait he omitted to return the garment, and to the letter requesting him to do so he made no reply. One day, when looking out of a window, he saw the prince coming toward his house. Hastily slipping into the park, Canon sat down in an armchair near the fire. The prince, who had come for his coat, started on seeing Canon groaning and trembling at the fireside. "What is the matter with you?" he asked. "Oh," groaned Canon, "I don't know what it is, but I feel so weak and wretched, and I cannot get warm. Two days ago my brother died of smallpox, and I am a bit nervous about myself." The artist kept the coat.

A Rainy Day Hint.

"Ever notice how many men hang on to their morning papers on a rainy day?" inquired a Harlemite.

"No? Well, they keep them to dry their shoes. There are nearly a score of clerks in our office, and on fair days they leave their newspapers in their chairs or boots, but when the streets are wet they keep them.

"Every one except the old fashioned fellows who wear overshoes puts his morning paper under his desk and plants his wet boots on it. Remarkable thing how the paper, being more absorbent than the leather, extracts the dampness from a pair of shoes. In half an hour the wet papers are kicked aside, and the clerks have avoided the discomfort of working all day in wet shoes."—New York Times.

Died and Re-died.

During the Boer war a British soldier, who had been reported killed in a certain battle and against whose name in the regimental book a note to that effect had been made, afterward turned up and reported himself. Then the sergeant made another note in the book, "Died by mistake." The man was placed in hospital and a few weeks later succumbed to the injuries he had received. This fact was communicated to the sergeant through the colonel of the regiment, and then a third note was made, "Re-died by order of the colonel."

Public Spirit.

Mrs. Cassidy—We'll have to be gettin' a pianny for Mary Ann to be learnin' music.

Mr. Cassidy—I'll buy her one on one condition—that she don't start to learn to play till she knows how.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hope.

"Did you tell that publisher that your novel was entirely original?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said it might be good in spite of that fact, but he doubted it."—Washington Star.

Not In Their Class.

Juggors—Why does that De Style family always refuse custard pie?

Waggers—Because it has no upper crust.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

No man ever did a designed injury to another but at the same time he did a greater to himself.—Homer.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

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A good, reliable company.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodner.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Heatley, president; Miss Tayra Rayner, secretary; C. H. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Bonner, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. G. McCoy, C. C. Chorle.
Judge of Election—G. A. Jenkins.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings, at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Fraternity degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUSCHEROS, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 6, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K. Also Bee Keeper.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 2 p. m. in the U. B. Parsonage.
Mrs. MINNIE I. BREWER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phœnix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord B. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:36 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector.—Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 2 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Lasabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:31 p. m., Baltimore 7:50 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

2:40 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:20 a. m., New York 7:28 a. m., Baltimore 6:30 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 24, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m Sundays). Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and Weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 17
10 18	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 20	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:32 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 12:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 5, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Dalrymple, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio, R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:35 a. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 24, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m Sundays). Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

1:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Dalrymple, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 3:40 p. m and 8:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address R. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No 39. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Sept. 21, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1:00	8:10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8:00	12:10	
5:07	1:20	8:28	Pt. Pleasant	7:50	11:48	6:00
5:10	1:40	8:30	Hazelhurst	7:30	11:45	4:21
5:18	1:55	8:37	Marvindale	7:20	11:38	4:15
5:31	2:03	8:46	Fusson	7:26	11:31	4:10
5:36	2:07	8:47	Comes	7:18	11:27	4:03
5:41	2:25	8:55	Smethport	7:10	11:19	3:55
				a.m.		
5 54	1:52	9:14	Smethport	7:20	11:10	8:55
6:06	2:37	9:26	Mill	7:08	11:58	3:23
6:09	2:34	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:06	11:56	3:22
6:14	2:45	9:31	Coryville	7:01	11:51	3:15
6:20	2:50	9:40	Larabee	6:55	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

U. P. VARONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Dp	Lv Westward A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:25	2:10	Ulysses		7:26	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:53	2:10	Crowell		7:27	2:32	9:19
7:46	0	1:57	Carpenter		0	2:34	9:22
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins		7:32	2:37	9:26
7:37	6:45	1:50	New'ld Junc.		7:37	2:42	9:32
0	0	1:45	Newfield		7:41	2:46	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold		7:44	2:49	9:40
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond		7:49	2:45	9:47
6:43	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's		8:01	3:06	10:03
6:40	6:17	1:20	Coleshurg		8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Prinks		8:12	3:17	10:20
6:15	0	1:05	N. Coudsport		0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp.	Ar.	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport				P.M.
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar.	Dp.	8:28	6:00	1:20
0	0	12:13	Hammond		0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted		8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina		8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton		0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette		8:47	6:21	1:53
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville		8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman		0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Wrks		0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany		9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

E. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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DOWN IN THE HAYFIELD

By JAMES NORFLEET

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

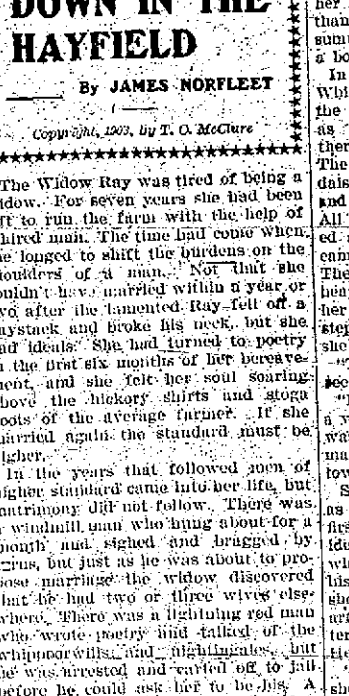
The Widow Ray was tired of being a widow. For seven years she had been left to run the farm with the help of a hired man. The time had come when she longed to shift the burdens on the shoulders of a man. Not that she couldn't have married within a year or two after the lamented Ray fell off a haystack and broke his neck, but she had ideals. She had turned to poetry in the first six months of her bereavement, and she felt her soul soaring above the hickory shirts and stoga boots of the average farmer. If she married again the standard must be higher.

In the years that followed poem of higher standard came into her life, but matrimony did not follow. There was a windmill man who hung about for a month and sighed and bragged by turns, but just as he was about to propose marriage the widow discovered that he had two or three wives elsewhere. There was a lightning rod man who wrote poetry and talked of the whippoorwills and nightingales, but he was arrested and carted off to jail before he could ask her to be his. A piano man with ideals as high as her own came within an ace of asking for her heart and hand, but was interrupted by a case of jumping toothache. There were two or three others who might have won her heart, but didn't.

And there was Deacon White. He lived on the next farm west and was a wid ower five years older than herself. He had been the first in the field. Fifteen months after her bereavement he had stood on the steps beside the kitchen door and said:

"Widder Ray, I'm a plain man and don't say nothin but what I mean. If you'll marry me, I'll do my best to make you a good husband."

The widow was not for the widower, and she didn't make any bones of telling him so. He didn't get mad or commit suicide. He simply hung around



THEY TURNED TO FIND THE WOMAN IN A HEAP ON THE GRASS.

repeated his offer every three months. He had read that all things come to him who waits, and he waited.

He was waiting when an artist from the city put up with him for a few weeks to sketch some of the views in the neighborhood. The artist met the widow almost at once as he was sketching the ruins of an old cider mill, and fifteen minutes later she realized that her heart was beating at least one-fourth faster than usual. The artist did not even attempt a flirtation. He was pleasant and talkative and good company, but that was all. As the days passed he divided his time between the two farmhouses, and the thought that the Widow Ray might fall in love with him never crossed his mind. She did that very thing, however, and within a fortnight she was trying to make herself believe that her love was reciprocated and that every time he visited the house he had a proposal on the tip of his tongue.

The windmill and lightning rod and piano man had betrayed themselves within a fortnight. The widow gave the artist four weeks, and then she decided that something must be done. He lacked the cold nerve of the others, and opportunity must be made for him. Two girls or two married women will conspire together. A widow always conspires with herself alone, although the law says that it takes two to make a conspiracy. She rejected several plans before she struck the right one. In coming over to the house one evening to make his usual quarterly proposal of marriage Deacon White mentioned the fact that he had killed a rattlesnake in his meadow while mowing the grass in the fence corners. In a moment the widow's plan was formed and she had said no to the deacon and was perfecting it.

It was haying season. The artist wanted a sketch of a sturdy farmer swinging his old fashioned scythe in the meadow, and he set up his easel in the shade of a tree and the deacon sharpened his old scythe and bent his back. As the one mowed the other sketched, and as the mowing and sketching went on the Widow Ray had her own work cut out. She had lived among the daisies and buttercups all her life and cared no more for them than she did for dandelions, but on this summer morning she started out to cull a bouquet.

In due time she appeared in Deacon White's meadow. Both the deacon and the artist had their backs toward her as she approached them and were therefore ignorant of her presence. The widow looked to the right for daisies and to the left for buttercups and ahead and behind for rattlesnakes. All of a sudden the farmer was jumped a foot high and the artist off his camp stool by a long, shrill scream. They turned to find the woman in a heap on the grass with her hands over her face. She heard the rush of footsteps, and as some one seized her hands she gasped out:

"The snake! The snake! Oh, I have been bitten!"

"By gum, but is that so?" she heard a voice exclaim, and next moment she was picked up and thrown over a manly shoulder and was being borne toward her own house.

She didn't recognize the voice, but as the man bearing her reached the first fence and tried to climb it she identified the deacon's asthmatic wheeze. She at once wriggled out of his arms and pushed him away. Then she looked beyond him and saw the artist rolling on the ground with laughter. He hadn't rushed to the rescue, he hadn't declared his love.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed as she thought of the picture she must have presented as she lay across the deacon's shoulder like a bag of potatoes.

"Why, hain't you bin bitten by a snake?" he asked in reply.

"No, sir, of course not."

"But I thought you said you had?"

"I said I had twisted my ankle. What is that idiot laughing at over there?"

That evening the deacon showed up after his day's work to say that the artist was going away next morning. Much to his surprise, the widow turned on him with:

"Well, deacon, as you will keep on pestering me for the next five years if I don't say yes, I'm going to say it. But you just remember, we ain't never to take no sap-headed artist to hang around and make fools of us."

"I don't understand," replied the deacon, with a puzzled look.

But she did, and that was enough.

He Got the Job.

"I was much amused the other day," said an uptown hardware dealer, "at a small boy who came around looking for a job. One of the clerks had dropped a lot of sharp-pointed tacks into a drawer of brass screws and had given up the idea of taking them out.

"When the youngster turned up looking for a job we thought we would try him out by letting him sort the two articles. He went at it the same way we had begun, picking out the tacks with his fingers and getting the point of every third tack in the ball of his thumb.

"He had enough in about a minute, and he straightened up. We all began to smile, expecting him to give up the job. Instead of that he went over to the show case and picked out a horseshoe magnet. Then he came back to the box. In thirty seconds he had the tacks out, and the screws were still in the compartment. He knew that the magnet would attract iron and not brass, and in a jiffy he had accomplished what we had been trying to do all the morning.

"We didn't really need a boy, but this chap's smartness appealed to us, and we find him so handy to have around that next Saturday he gets a raise."—New York Press.

A Resourceful Woman.

"I think it is a foolish fashion that so many women indulge that of telling their age wrongly," said the woman with the prematurely gray hair. "I can honestly say that I never practice it myself."

"No?" said her friend, with many meanings in the monosyllable.

"Well," said the first speaker, with a smile—she was a woman with a sense of humor—"the fact is I don't have to. I have a way of making myself out younger than I am if I wish to without telling a fib at all."

"Really?" inquired the other curiously. "In what way?"

"I put the burden of the fib all upon the questioner. You see, when one of my dear women friends—it is always women who are curious on this point—asks me how old I am I say: 'Oh, I'm a year or two older than you, you know, my dear—at least a year older. Let me see, now, how old are you?' And then she always knocks more off my age than I should ever have the nerve to do myself."

Extreme Absentmindedness.

"The queerest case of absentmindedness that I have ever known of," remarked the night clerk of a certain hotel, "was that which happened at this hotel early yesterday morning. Two fellow boarders, one Jones by name and the other whose name is Brown, occupied a room on the third floor.

"Well, Brown requested me to have him wakened at 3 o'clock so as to allow him to catch the 4 o'clock train. He was awakened at the requested time, and in his hurry to dress himself he put on Jones' clothes by mistake. He did not discover his mistake until he reached the depot, and would you believe it—here the speaker paused—when he found out that he was wearing some one else's clothes he immediately returned to the hotel and went right to bed."

"I don't see any absentmindedness about that," broke in one of the listeners.

"You don't? Why, he thought that I had awakened the wrong man."—Philadelphia Press.

THE GERM THEORY.

De Foe Gave a Hint of It in the Early Eighteenth Century.

De Foe's "Journal of the Plague Year," published in 1722, contains two passages which grope toward bacteriology. De Foe himself pretends to disbelieve the theories. But his way is to seem to doubt what he is really eager to advance.

Having shown that contagion was almost certain in the case of people living in the same house, but often avoidable by segregation and precaution against physical contact, De Foe says:

"This put it out of question to me that the calamity was spread by infection—that is to say, by some certain steams or fumes, which the physicians call effluvia, which effluvia affected the sound who came within certain distances of the sick. Others talk of infection being carried on by the air only, by carrying with it vast numbers of insects and invisible creatures, who enter into the body with the breath or even at the pores with the air and there generate or emit most acute poisons or poisonous ova or eggs, which mingle themselves with the blood and so infect the body."

In another place in this passage:

"I have heard it was the opinion of others that it (the disease) might be distinguished by the party's breathing upon a piece of glass, where, the breath condensing, there might living creatures be seen by a microscope of strange, monstrous and frightful shapes, such as dragons, snakes, serpents and devils, horrible to behold. But this I very much question the truth of, and we had no microscopes at the time, as I remember, to make the experiments with."

John Stuart Mill.

Describing his impressions of John Stuart Mill, Sir Leslie Stephen said: "I heard him speak in the house of commons. He sat on an impassive philosopher I saw a slight, frail figure trembling with nervous irritability. He poured out a stream of perfectly formed sentences with an extraordinary rapidity suggestive of a treasure by heart and when he lost the thread of his discourse closed his eyes for two or three minutes till after recording his composure he could again take up his parable. Although his oratory was defective, he was clearly speaking with intense feeling and was particularly sensitive to the reception by his audience. Some of his doctrines were specially irritating to the rows of stolid country gentlemen, who began by listening curiously to so strange an animal as a philosopher and discovered before long that the animal's hide could be pierced by scornful laughter. To Mill they represented crass stupidity, and he became unable either to conceal his contempt or keep his temper."

The Songs That Reach the Heart.

At a time when the fashionable opera was in highest vogue Jenny Lind came to America and achieved her greatest triumph by singing such simple airs as "Comin' Through the Rye." They touched a popular chord, and it vibrated throughout continents. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. And just as the simple songs of Burns gave pleasure without militating against the culture of a taste for the higher creations in vocal music, so the enjoyment of the simple melodies which we know as ragtime are harmless and without danger of taking the place of the more elevated style of music. We cannot play tragedy all the time, but must have the melodrama and the farce as the lighter features of the stage. And so in music, literature and art the philosophy applies with the same force.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Assayed.

She had a silvery laugh and golden hair. He had plenty of brass. He knew she was engaged to another man, but believed he could cop per the other fellow's bets. But one day he met her on the golf links. Her arms were bronzed and her teeth gleamed as pearls when she smiled at him.

"Your lips," he said, "are like rubies and your eyes are like great diamonds."

"And your nerve," she tittered, "is like steel, but you haven't got enough tin."

It was then that the iron entered his soul. "Alas," he sighed, "she can never be mine!"—Judge.

Baiting a Gossip.

Miss Kidder—They've only been married six months, but whenever her husband goes away on a business trip she's delighted and prepares to have a good time.

Miss Meanley—Aha! Do you know, I suspected something like that. I always said—

Miss Kidder—Yes. You see, he takes her with him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Regardless of Expense.

"There is a firm which doesn't spare any expense in conducting its business," remarked Straightman.

"I should say they don't," replied Neverpeigh. "They have had a $3 a day man after me for a week to collect a bill I owe them for $2."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Hardships of Begging.

Lady—Begging must be hard.

Tramp—It is, lady. This is the sixth time I have had to eat soup today.—Fliegende Blatter.

Lots of Heroes.

Sillicus—Have you noticed that most heroes are married men?

Cynicus—Sir, every married man is a hero.—New Yorker.

You may not be able to remove a wrinkle, but you may remove a frown and so change your wrinkles into rivulets of laughter.—Schoolmaster.

THEIR LAST DINNER

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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She had promised him the evening a week before, and when he asked her where they should dine she had answered:

"At our little French restaurant—don't you remember? It will be like old times." Old times meant the days when they had worked together as reporters on a local paper. That was two years ago.

So tonight, down in the old fashioned southwest quarter of the city, they sat at one of the square tables. The low ceilinged room was presided over by a plump, kindly host. Apparently monsieur had not gained a single wrinkle in these two years.

Ah, and here, too, came their old waiter, with one of those smiles of the waiter who is at the same time an old friend. Of course he didn't know anything about his patrons' lives during the past two twelvemonths. He assumed that they were married.

"We have one of madame's favorite dishes tonight," he said, addressing Muriel. She flushed slightly.

Presently the girl ceased her flow of light hearted chatter and began turning her head about in a slow, mechanical fashion.

"Billy," she said, "it has happened."

She spoke in that soft, low tone, worn

"BILLY," SHE SAID, "IT HAS HAPPENED."

on use for words they feel will wound.

"Yesterday Mr. Nicholas Broser asked me to become his wife."

The man waited for the servant to remove some of the dishes before he answered, with a bitter laugh:

"I suppose the offer not being a total surprise, you gave him your decision, Muriel?"

"Now, don't be disagreeable. Did we not agree long ago to be sensible, you and I? We both love luxury so well that it would be a positive crime to dispense with it for the sake—"

"We've sold our souls for it!" the man broke in.

"How melodramatic!" exclaimed the girl with a little mock smile. "As a matter of fact, I'm to have a gorgeous automobile, a beauty of a yacht and more money than I, even I, can spend. So when he comes tomorrow night for his answer I'm going to say yes. And you, Billy, when will you marry your heiress? You know, she thinks the world of you—every one says so—and you have only to ask her!" Muriel spoke gayly, notwithstanding the sadness in her eyes.

The man didn't seem to hear her question or her badinage. He was watching a little stray curl which the draft from the open door was blowing across her temples, and he was doing battle with his thoughts.

"Why haven't you Nichola's Broser's money?" Muriel remarked after a long silence. "I don't believe there is a man in the whole world so fitted to be the master of vast estates. Charles II. must have been like you, I think, except that you have none of his vices."

"Thanks," returned her companion listlessly, still watching the stray curl.

"I don't like one bit to think that this is our last dinner, Billy; not one—little bit."

"Our last dinner!" exclaimed the man, forgetting the curl and suddenly seeking Muriel's eye.

"Of course. I shall be true to Mr. Broser in the letter at least."

Her companion made no reply. Then Muriel went on in a light tone, as if she felt that silences were dangerous:

"Just fancy, we had decided to marry—poverty and all. Instead of living the existences we are born fitted for we should have to settle down in a Harlem flat. Ugh! A stuffy flat, with the proverbial soft brown air drifting and doing stunts with the tin pans; a Harlem flat, with all the dreadful miseries of 'L' rides; a Harlem flat, decorated with cheap bric-a-brac." She broke off and began another sentence, playing idly with her mother's wedding ring.

"Do you know you would make even a Harlem flat look pretty? I saw a lot at Bric-a-brac this morning as dainty as it was cheap. Nowadays poor people can have dainty things as well as rich people if they have taste and a knack of developing resources. Billy, I often think about that Harlem flat, and"—She chanced to look up from the ring, and the pain in the man's face stopped her words.

"I never knew before that you liked to torture people, little woman," he said.

"I didn't mean—I didn't suppose," she began; then she added softly, leaning forward:

"Anyhow, we can both remember. And, after all, isn't a memory that will live better than a dead romance?" There was a suspicion of a sob in the girl's voice, and as she drew on her gloves Billy saw a glittering tear fall upon her hand.

When he had received his check and paid the waiter, he rose abruptly and crossed over to lay Muriel's wrap about her shoulders.

"You won't make it too hard for me—to give you up?" whispered she as his hand rested for one second upon her arm.

He drew himself up proudly to his full six feet of height, and in a voice which she had never heard before he said masterfully:

"Tomorrow morning I want you to be ready to go out with me. I shall call at 10 o'clock."

"Where?" Muriel said, turning to look up at him. "To go where?"

"To hunt that Harlem flat," he answered as he pushed back her chair from the table.

Muriel adjusted the emerald sash-de-lis at her slender waist. Dark lashes, down swept, hid the gaze that Billy knew, but he saw the flush which surged quickly over her oval cheeks and brow. And he was satisfied.

There, sitting at his pay desk, the plump, kindly host was busy making change for his waiters. As his two old customers passed him he looked up to give them a parting salutation, to hope that they had been served well—that they had enjoyed his bordeaux—that they would come often again. But, alas, it was necessary that monsieur's good intention should cover the deed. He had no eyes to speak—they did not look. His ways they were engrossed in good others.

"Mes Dieu! How happy they seem! Marriage goes well with them," he thought to himself, as he went on making change for the public.

How the Baby Arrived.

Reader, gentle or otherwise, have you ever noticed how the youthful mother of a first baby enjoys relating the sensation?

If you have you must have wondered how in the world they managed to talk to each other before the baby became a member of the family.

The following is a sample talk in a family of three, one of which trio is a baby a year old.

Mamma (with infant on her lap)—Baby, ask popper if he will div mommer ze paper.

The paper is given.

Papa—Baby, ask oor mommer if she knows where popper's slippers are.

"Tell popper his slippers are in the hall closet, girly baby." The slippers are found and put on.

"Baby, has oo been a good 'ittle totkins today?"

"Girly baby, tell oor popper dat oo's been de bestest, doodest, sweetest 'ittle popsy wopsy in the town, so oo has."

"I'ze glad to hear dat, baby. Popper's own daughter girly must always be good as a doll."

"Baby, now tell popper baby totkins is goin' sleepies and can't talk any more. By, by, popper!"

"By, by, totkins!"

Where Metals Boil.

Keafft has determined the boiling point of certain metals by the use of vessels of quartz heated by an electric furnace. Zinc sublimes below 300 degrees and at 610 degrees distills fairly quick. The corresponding temperatures for cadmium are 322 degrees and 448 degrees. Selenium distills quickly at 380 degrees, tellurium at 550 degrees, boiling being observable at 395 degrees. Lead boils rapidly and distills at 1,100 degrees. Tin proves very refractory, no distillation occurring even at 1,100. At 805 degrees antimony sublimes slowly and at 775 to 780 degrees distills rapidly. Sublimation of bismuth commenced at 540 degrees; the sublimate assumed the form of drops at 930 degrees, and the metal boiled briskly at 1,050 degrees. A slight mirror of silver appeared at 1,090 degrees, and rapid vaporization proceeded at 1,340 degrees. Copper and gold boil at too high temperatures to be examined even in silica. With the former a slight amount of sublimate formed at 1,315 degrees; with the latter extremely little vapor arose even at 1,375 degrees, which is near the point at which the resistance of silica breaks down.—Scientific American.

The Gender of Arkansas.

"The life of a schoolteacher would be sorely monotonous," said a teacher of a boys' school, "if it were not for his sense of humor and the really funny things which happen every day in the schoolroom. One day, for instance, I had up my smart class in grammar and set the boys parsing. I called to Moses, a colored boy, to parse Arkansas, and he said 'Arkansas,' with emphasis on the second syllable. I corrected his pronunciation, and he went on:

"'Hark-en-saw is a noun, collective case, indicative mood, comparative degree, third person, passive and nominative case to scissors.'

"'You haven't said what gender, Moses,' I remarked.

"'Feminine gender,' quickly remarked my smart scholar.

"'Why, sir?' I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"'Becos it's got Miss Souri on the nort, Louisa Anna on the sout, Mrs. Sippi on the east and ever so many more shemales on the west.'

"It was so; well done I joined in and encouraged the laugh which followed the smart boy's humor."

CAN YOU WHISTLE?

If You Can You Need Never Suffer From Dyspepsia.

When the throes of indigestion and the qualms of dyspepsia are making your life miserable just purse the lips and whistle a brisk, merry tune—not a muffled, doleful, half hearted whistle, but a whistle so deep and voluminous that the whole house will be filled with the sound.

Don't be afraid somebody will hear you. Let them hear you. It will do them good. It will enliven and cheer them while it cures you.

Indigestion and dyspepsia always make one feel gloomy and depressed and morbid and blue. Everything seems to go wrong, and doubtless you won't feel one bit like whistling. But no matter; whistle anyhow.

If possible go out in the fresh air and do your whistling. If you can't go outdoors just open the window wide and whistle with all your might. Any old tune will do, so you put life and vigor into it.

Whistle, whistle, whistle! Keep it going. Don't get tired. Go on with all your might. Harder, harder!

The first thing you know the stomach will have righted itself, the liver will be working good and strong, the blood will be bounding through your veins, your brain will be clear and vigorous, and you will feel twenty years younger.—Medical Talk.

False Hair.

Wearing false hair is a very widespread custom. In the language of the tradesman, hair grown on the heads of northern nations is the most valuable both because of its superior fineness and gloss and its color. Germany and Sweden provide the most valuable hair, especially if it be golden blond, which is of the finest texture and of a color impossible to obtain by artificial dyes. Italy and other southern nations produce only coarser and less costly varieties. Most precious of all, however, is hair of a true silver gray color, which in sufficiently long plaits is almost impossible to procure, chiefly from the fact that its very purity causes those women lucky enough to possess it to refuse to part with it. The most constant supply of human hair for the world's market, however, comes from the peasant girls in countries such as Russia and Galicia, where immediately after marriage a headdress is assumed which makes the lack of its natural covering unnoticeable. In Bohemia, Moravia and Galicia there are regular hair markets to which the women take their hair for sale.

Wonderful Hats.

Abraham Lincoln was a man whose keen wit and pleasing humor extricated him from many an embarrassing situation. On one occasion he was presented with two fine hats, each by a different hatmaker, neither knowing that the other had made such a contribution. In the course of events they called upon the president, and it so happened that both called at the same time.

When both found themselves in the presence of the executive they asked how he had liked the hats they had sent him, and, taking advantage of the opportunity of securing a statement of superiority of one or the other make, the president was asked to state his preference.

To many men such a question would be very embarrassing, but to Lincoln not at all. He took the hats, one in each hand, and, they replied gravely, but with a mischievous twinkle in his keen eyes:

"Gentlemen, your hats do mutually surpass each other."

The Bank of England's Museum.

The Bank of England has a curious museum, in which the principal exhibits are its own notes.

Among them is a note for a penny, which was issued by mistake and bought back by the bank for $25. Another is a note for £1,000,000.

A third is a bank note which was found inside a codfish caught off the Newfoundland banks, and a fourth is a note which was in circulation for over a century and a half before it was presented for payment.

There are many forged notes in the museum, their value aggregating many millions of dollars, and there are also some notes which were recovered by divers from the sunken wreck of the British war ship Eurydice.

A Similarity.

"It was one of the most pathetic plays I ever saw," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"I don't see why you go to the matinee if it makes you cry."

"Just because I feel bad is no sign I haven't had a good time, Charley, dear. You know how much you enjoy going to the races and coming back with the blues."—Washington Star.

Posted.

"Now," said the lecturer, "suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—some one, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop—what is the first thing you would do?"

"Amputate his funny bone," promptly replied the new student.

Terrible Revenge.

Husband—You don't appear to like Mrs. Sweetie.

Wife—The horrid thing! I hate her! Next time we meet I'll kiss her only once, and I shan't ask after her baby.—Stray Stories.

The Finish.

Flanagan—Phwat did yez do whin McGarry hit yez wid the pick?

Finnegan—Oi done McGarry.—Exchange.

It is love of virtue, not fear of law, that makes civilization.

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IN THE CAUSE OF REFORM

By CYRUS DERICKSON

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When Captain Trent was transferred from the Seventh to the Twelfth regiment and took up his quarters at Fort Conger he found that his reputation had preceded him. He was known to the rank and file as a hard man. The captain of a company is well liked or totally disliked. Captain Trent was proud of the fact that he was not only totally disliked, but positively hated, by the men he had power over. It was his nature to bulldoze and bullyrag and tyrannize.

At the first roll call of Company B he had a few words to say to his new command, and from that time on the men knew what to expect. The old captain had kept them fairly up to discipline, and the commander of the post had not let things go at sixes and sevens, but Captain Trent referred to his company as a set of loafers and slouches who didn't know enough to wear their uniforms properly. They were a humpbacked and lop shouldered lot; they were lazy and shiftless; they needed a strong hand to freshen them up. He had the hand. He would teach them what discipline was and what soldiering meant, and any sullenness or hanging back would be promptly punished.

Then began something akin to a reign of terror for the seventy men of Company B. Although nearly all were veterans, they drilled from morning till night. Certain privileges enjoyed when stationed at posts in time of peace were abolished. New rules were made and enforced regarding this and that, and in a fortnight the men felt like a lot of convicts. Cursing was a part of the new regime. Captain Trent was down under the heading of "Officer and Gentleman," and yet he was shockingly profane and shamefully abusive. More punishment was inflicted in a month than for two years before; more desertions took place within three months than had been recorded for three years. It was generally understood that the "old man"—meaning the commander of the post—didn't appreciate Captain Trent's zeal and that he was not supported by his fellow officers in his bullyragging, but he went ahead on his own lines just the same.

There was enough to make the men sullen and vengeful, and the captain kept adding to it. He broke two sergeants and three corporals and, at length, as a sort of climax, preferred charges against his orderly sergeant and had him suspended from duty while awaiting court martial. The state of affairs in Company B was simply lamentable when Miss Blanche Taylor and her mother arrived at a nearby ranch owned by a son and brother. If Miss Blanche was not positively engaged to Captain Trent they had known each other for two years, and there had been correspondence of a very friendly nature. The arrival benefited Company B in a way—that is, it took the captain away from the post much of his time and turned his thoughts into other channels. His lieutenants were neither martinets nor bulldozers.

It became the captain's custom after a few days to ride over to the ranch every morning to take a long gallop with Miss Blanche. On such occasions he was attended by a private soldier acting as orderly. It had been Private O'Rourke up to a certain Tuesday morning. Then Private Higgins humbly followed at the regulation distance without the change being noticed. Private Higgins had been Sergeant Higgins for two years before the coming of Captain Trent. Then cause had been found for reducing him to the ranks. On this morning the girl was ready and waiting, and she and the captain rode straight away and did not draw rein until reaching the boiling spring among the hills. Then they dismounted for a rest, and Higgins came forward to take care of their horses. Even then the captain did not remark the change. It was fifteen minutes later, as he sat with his back to a rock and smoking a cigar, that Private Higgins suddenly appeared before him with leveled revolver and quietly said:

"Captain Trent, I have a bit of business with you, and if you raise any row about it I'll shoot you through the head."

"Is it you, Higgins?" asked the officer as he turned.

"It's me, sir, one of the men you broke. I acted as orderly today that I might kill you. Give me the slightest excuse and I'll do it. You have your revolver, but it is not loaded. I tampered a bit with your man last night. Now put your hands behind you or this little lady, who is keeping so quiet, will see a case of killing."

Captain Trent was no coward, but he knew when he was beaten. When his arms were thrust behind him they were made fast with buckskin thongs brought for the purpose. Then his ankles were bound, and Private Higgins lighted a cigar and sat down and said to the girl, who had been so surprised and frightened that she had not said a word:

"I beg your pardon, miss, but there is naught for you to fear. You see, Captain Trent and I are both military reformists, only we go about it in a different way."

"But you don't mean to kill him!" exclaimed the girl as she clasped her hands.

"I hope I shan't have to, miss, being I've got him fast bound. I think it will be sufficient if I tell you what sort of a man he is and he does the listening. Just hear me, miss."

"Higgins, I'll have you shot for this!" threatened the captain as he began to realize the position he was placed in.

"You never will, captain," quietly replied the man. "In the first place, I may think best to shoot you before I go, and in the next I'm going to desert and bid you find me if you can. Keep a quiet tongue and don't provoke me. I've felt like murdering you for the last two months. Now for my story, miss."

The girl listened. She knew nothing of military matters. She had never heard of bulldozing and bullyragging and official spite. Private Higgins took up case after case and related incident after incident. Not understanding the nature of things, his relation would not have made such an impression upon the girl but for the captain's attitude before her. He quite lost his temper and became profane, abusive and coarse to a degree. He showed a side of his nature that she had never suspected and that shocked and astonished her. Private Higgins stated his case from beginning to end, and he stated it fairly and wound up by saying:

"You see, miss, that it is a case of military reform. Captain Trent felt called upon to reform Company B, and I felt called upon to reform him. I've got to desert and become an outlaw to do it, and I'm thinking I might as well go the whole way and leave him dead behind me."

"But you won't do that," she pleaded. "You may have been wronged, but you won't do murder?"

"Then it's owing to your own sweet self, young lady, but God help you if you ever become the wife of such a man. I'll go without harming him, and I'll say goodby and heaven bless you."

He rode away without a look back, and when the echo of his horse's footsteps had died away the captain said:

"Blanche, the man is a scoundrel and a liar. He told you nothing but lies. You surely can't believe him."

She rose up and passed behind him and untied the knots at his wrists. With his fright hands he loosened those at his ankles and rose up and said:

"Blanche, tell me that you don't believe what he said. Tell me"—

"Go and resign," she interrupted him as she turned away to mount her horse and ride back to the ranch alone.

To Get Rid of Rats.

After all other remedies fail, there still remains a way of getting rid of rats, and that is by depriving them of water. They can dive for a very long time without food and when hard pressed will not hesitate to eat each other, but no rat can go twenty-four hours without drink. Therefore if every possible means of obtaining water is taken from the rats they will desert the vicinity.

Very Pathetic.

"What can be more pathetic," said the sentimental woman, "than a man who has loved and lost?"

"Well," replied the man of experience, "a fellow who has bet on a sure thing and lost cuts quite a figure in the pathetic line."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Starting the Trouble.

Mabel—Did he stutter when he proposed?

Ethel—No. I don't think so.

Mabel—Really? He must have improved.—Punch.

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SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1903,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

All the defendant's interest (supposed to be one-half) in all the petroleum, rock or carbon oil and gas on, in and under those four certain lots of land situate in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, to-wit:—The west 25 acres of Keating Lot No. 114 as described in a deed by the heirs at law of Sophia Zimmer deceased, to C. Y. White, L. Durlin and Geo. R. McKinney, dated March 24th, 1884, and recorded in McKean County Deed Book No. 24, page 128.

ALSO. The south 25 acres of Keating Lot No. 47, the whole of Keating Lot No. 300, containing 25 acres, and 9 & 11-16 acres of the north part of Keating Lot No. 51 as more fully described in a deed by the heirs at law of Frederick Zimmer deceased, dated March 24th, 1884, to C. Y. White, L. Durlin and Geo. R. McKinney, and recorded in McKean County Deed Book No. 24, page 125, together with ten oil wells located on the above described parts of Lots Nos. 47 and 114, with four standing derricks, one boiler house and steam boiler, ten steam engines of from 12 to 15 horse power, six oil tanks and all tubing, casing, pumping outfits, oil pipes, gas and steam lines connected with the said ten oil wells as well as all fixtures and appurtenances connected therewith and belonging thereto, and situate on said land:

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Thomas, at the suit of Mrs. A. W. Dodge, otherwise known as Berthena Dodge, now by substitution, V. H. Cook, executor of the estate of Berthena Dodge, deceased.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

All that certain leasehold estate situate in the Township of Eldred, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of Lot No. 91 of Keating allotment of land conveyed to Arthur Young; thence south one hundred and forty-seven rods to a post in the southeast corner of lot No. 92 belonging to E. Moody; thence east 8 rods to a post the northwest corner of lot No. 5 Keating Township; thence, S. 55 rods to a post the northeast corner of lot No. 6 Keating Township; thence west 58 rods to a post corner; thence north 203 rods to a beech corner and the south line of said lot No. 91; thence east fifty rods to the place of beginning. Containing 66 2/3 acres more or less. Being lots numbered 196 and 200 Keating and Co.'s survey, Eldred Township and part of Warrants 2297 and 2099, and being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from D. C. Young and G. B. Young to Fred A. Boylan, dated September 25th, 1899, and recorded in McKean County records in Deed Book 112, pages 140 and 141. Together with two oil wells, two wood rigs, one engine, about seven hundred feet of casing, about 3600 feet of tubing with tanks, lead lines, connections, fittings, rods, tools, &c., to the said leasehold and wells belonging or in any wise appertaining.

ALSO all that certain other leasehold estate situate in Eldred Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of O. A. Cory, on the east by lands of E. A. Moody and D. Windsor and the Moody Hollow road, on the south by lands of O. A. Graves and D. C. Young, and on the west by the land of O. A. Graves. Containing seventy-four acres more or less. Being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from L. S. Beebe to the Cyclone Oil Company, first parties hereto, dated April 21st, 1899, and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book 112 at page 148, &c., together with the two oil wells, two standing derricks, one engine, 1 35 H. P. boiler, 2 tanks, 1 gate valve, 1 packer, all pipes, fittings, connections &c., thereon and thereunto belonging.

ALSO all that certain leasehold estate situate in Eldred Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a corner the southeast corner of said lot and bounded on the east by land of F. L. Gray; on the north by lands of Mrs. Martin Rice and Gilbert Moody; on the west by lands of E. J. Moody; on the south by lands of Gilbert Moody. Being part of lots numbered 82, 98 and 77 and being part of Warrant No. 2096 of Keating lands in Eldred Township. Containing sixty-five acres and being the land on which Gilbert Moody now lives.

ALSO lot No. 113 bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the east by lands of Martin Rice, on the north by lands of Hamlin and Forrest; on the south by lands of Gilbert Moody and on the west by lands of Hamlin & Forrest. Containing forty (40) acres.

ALSO ten acres from the north end of lot No. 202 bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the east by lands of G. F. Beers; on the north by lands of Gilbert Moody; on the west by lands of C. E. Moody and on the south by lands of Gilbert Moody; being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from Gilbert Moody to the Cyclone Oil Company dated April 20th, 1898, and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book 112, page 154, together with one oil well, 1 wood rig, 300 feet of casing, 200 feet of tubing with connections, fittings, tanks, &c., to said leasehold estate belonging or in any wise appertaining.

ALSO all that certain other leasehold estate situate in Eldred Township aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southwest corner of lot No. 92 of the Keating allotment of lands in Eldred Township conveyed to Elisha Moody; thence north 86.6 rods to a post; thence east 91 perches to a post; thence north 50 degrees east 24 perches to a post; thence south 67 degrees east 32.6 perches to a post; thence south 25½ degrees west 35 perches to a post corner; thence south 23½ degrees west 32 perches to a post corner; thence west 70 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 37.57 acres more or less and being part of lot No. 92 aforesaid. Being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from Chester Moody and Augusta Moody to the Cyclone Oil Company dated April 29, 1899, and recorded in McKean County records in Deed Book 112, at page 151, &c.

ALSO all that other certain leasehold estate situate in Eldred Township aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of said lot; thence south by land of L. S. Beebe and D. C. Young and on the east by lands of C. T. Moody on the north and on the west by lands of O. A. Cory, on the south and west by lands of D. E. Windsor. Containing ninety-five (95) acres more or less. And being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from E. J. Moody to the Cyclone Oil Company dated April 20th, 1898, and recorded in the McKean County Records in Deed Book 112, at page 152, &c. Together with one gas well complete and one oil well complete, two wood rigs, 960 feet of casing, 3500 feet of tubing, 1750 feet of sucker rods, 140 feet of drive feet with fittings, connections, tools, machinery, &c., on the said leasehold estate estate and to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining.

ALSO also all that certain leasehold estate situate in Eldred township aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southwest corner of said lot and bounded on the west by lands of L. S. Beebe and Wm. Gilbert; on the north by lands of Hamlin and Forrest and W. J. Moody, and on the south by lands of E. J. Moody. Containing fifty (50) acres, and being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from D. E. Windsor to the Cyclone Oil Company dated April 20th, 1898, and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book 112, at page 148, &c. Together with two oil wells, two wood rigs, one 15 H. P. engine, 3000 feet of two inch tubing, 700 feet of casing, two string of rods pumping outfits, tanks, tools, connections, &c., to the said leasehold belonging or in any wise appertaining.

ALSO all that other certain leasehold estate situate in Eldred Township aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of John Rice and John Dunn; on the east by lands of the Taylor estate and O. A. Graves; on the south by lands of George Beers, and on the west by lands of Gilbert Moody. Containing sixty (60) acres and being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from F. L. Gray to the Cyclone Oil Company dated April 29th, 1899, and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book 112 at page 160, &c. Together with one oil well, one engine, 350 feet of casing, 1400 feet of tubing with rods, tanks, tools, pipe, fittings, &c., on said leasehold estate and to the same and wells belonging or in any wise appertaining.

ALSO all that certain leasehold estate situate in Eldred Township aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by the lands of John Dunn, on the east by lands of O. A. Cory; on the south by lands of Phillip Rockwell and Frank Starkweather and on the west by lands of H. W. Washburn, O. A. Graves and F. L. Gray. Containing fifty-seven (57) acres more or less. Being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from E. W. Taylor et al to the Cyclone Oil Company dated May 14th, 1900, and recorded in Deed Book 112 page 565, &c., together with one oil well, one wood rig, one engine, tank, tubing, casing, rods, pipe, fittings, tools, &c., on said leasehold estate and to the same well belonging or in any wise appertaining it being understood that on the lands described in the above leasehold estates there are nine engines, two boilers, eleven wood rigs, about ninety-eight hundred feet of 2 inch gas and steam pipe, 3000 ft. of one in. pipe, 4000 ft. of 4 in. pipe, 300 ft. of 6 in. pipe and one gas master of 80,000 ft. capacity in addition to the material in the wells above enumerated and that that this mortgage is to cover all said material as well as all other material placed upon said leaseholds during the term hereof. Together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, woods, ways, rights, liberties, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of D. Woodring, George Miller, J. Price, H. D. Thompson, C. O. Taylor, Mrs. John Campbell, C. E. Hockenberry and E. W. Mullin, executor of estate of F. E. Boylan, deceased, partners trading as Cyclone Oil Company, at the suit of The Cuba National Bank of Cuba, New York, and others.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known as lot number fifteen (15) of Wheeler and Whitney's addition to Bradford City, McKean County, Penn'a.

ALSO all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known as lot number sixteen (16) of Whitney and Wheeler's addition to Bradford City, McKean County, Penn'a. Reference being had to the map and survey of the said addition as surveyed and plotted by Leander Gorton in 1877 & 1878 now on file and recorded in the office for the recording of deeds, &c. in and for the County of McKean at Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book Vol. 23, page 90, will more fully and at large appear. Whereon is is erected one two and one story dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Seneca Gould, Minnie Moseley and Truma Marion Gould and John Devlin, Administrator of the estate of Della Gould, deceased, and J. J. Cole, Guardian ad litem of Truma Marion Gould at the suit of The Protected Home Circle.

R. B. Stone, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

FIRST—All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning in the center of Main street, at the southeast corner of land contracted to Mrs. E. R. Mayo; thence west along the south line of said lot ten (10) rods; thence southerly forty (40) feet; thence east ten (10) rods to the center of Main street; thence north along the center of said street forty (40) feet to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-five (25) square rods of land.

Improved and having thereon one one-story frame cottage and usual outbuildings.

SECOND—All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Borough, County and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning in the center of Elson street in the public highway, on the south line of land owned by Patrick Ivers, running west along said line ten (10) rods; thence north forty (40) feet; thence west six (6) rods to the center of lands contracted to Mrs. E. R. Mayo by E. Barden; thence south six (6) rods and four (4) feet to bank of creek; thence east six (6) rods and fourteen (14) feet; thence north three (3) rods; thence east ten (10) rods and two (2) feet to the center of highway; thence north sixteen (16) feet to the place of beginning. Containing fifty-four (54) rods of land.

Improved and having thereon one one and a half story dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

THIRD—All that other certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the Borough, County and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning in the center of Main street at the southwest corner of Pat Welch's lot; thence easterly by the south line of said Pat Welch's land one hundred fifty (150) feet, more or less, to lot of H. J. Correll; thence southerly by Correll's west line twenty-eight (28) feet strict measure to a post; thence westerly parallel to first described course one hundred and fifty (150) feet, more or less, to center of Main street; thence northerly by center of Main street twenty eight (28) feet strict measure, to the place of beginning; and being the same premises conveyed to Ellen Ivers by W. L. Christian by deed dated August 14, 1880 and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County on September 27, 1880, in Deed Book, Vol. No. 52, page 57, etc.

Improved and having thereon a two-story frame building used as a store and dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of T. J. Ivers at the suit of Jerry Donohue, use of H. A. Dreyer.

J. R. Haughney, Gordon & Richmond, plaintiff's attorneys.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning in the center of Elson street in the Borough of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, at the southeast corner of lot conveyed to Swan Jackson, being Lot No. 90 of plot drawn by B. E. Cutler; thence north seven and one-fourth (7¼) rods to the center of an alley on C. R. Hatch's line; thence east along the centre of the alley ninety (90) feet to a corner in Hatch's line; thence south seven and one-fourth (7¼) rods to the center of Elson street; thence west ninety (90) feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 11, Lot No. 12 and part of Lot No. 13, according to plot drawn by B. E. Cutler and being the same premises conveyed to Margaret A. Baldwin by Truman S. Bennett and wife by deed dated March 12, 1870, said deed being recorded in Deed Book Vol. 1 for recording deeds in McKean County, page 385, &c. March 26, 1870, and afterwards conveyed by Margaret Baldwin and Samuel Baldwin to C. Y. White by deed dated September 28, 1870, said deed being recorded in Deed Book Vol. 52, page 462, &c., on November 1, 1888, as by reference to which will more fully show.

Improved and having thereon one frame building; one story and a half high, with wing attached.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Myra Hammond at the suit of Caroline Crocker Bowler, M. D.

J. R. Haughney, Plaintiff's attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Being Lot number thirteen (13) located in Block "B" of the Holley addition to the City of Bradford, as per survey and plot of Kelsey, Surveyor, 1901, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book No. 115 at page 358, etc., said lot having a frontage on Holley avenue of thirty-five (35) feet and a depth of one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet, subject to the oil rights and outstanding leases, and being the same premises conveyed to J. N. Cartwright by The Bradford Chamber of Commerce, by deed dated July 30th, 1903, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book No. 130 at page 494, etc.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. N. Cartwright at the suit of George W. Huntington.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

7.

FIRST—Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post in the west line of High street, one hundred (100) feet south of the point of the intersection of the south line of Kinzua street and the west line of said High street; said post marking an angle in said High street; thence southerly along the west line of said High street, thirty (30) feet to a post; thence westerly by a line, running at right angles to said High street, according to the course of High street, south of said angle, one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence northerly by a line running parallel with High street and at right angles to the south line as described herein, thirty (30) feet from post; thence easterly by a line running at right angles to said High street and parallel to the south line of lot herein described, one hundred (100) feet to the place of beginning, being the same premises conveyed by Ellen F. Rice (widow) and others to George Boldnes by deed dated July 5th, 1897, recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in Deed Book No. 96, at page 512, &c., and subject to all the reservations contained in said deed.

Improved.

SECOND—All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the west side of McClellan avenue, four hundred and eighty feet north of the northeast corner of house lot of Mary E. McClellan; thence north fifty (50) feet to a post on the west line of said avenue; thence west one hundred and eighty (180) feet to a post; thence south fifty (50) feet to a post in the north line of a street unnamed; thence east along the line of said unnamed street, one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 9000 square feet of land be the same more or less, and being the same premises conveyed by Tom M. McClellan and wife to George Boldnes, by deed dated August 27th, 1900, recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in Deed Book No. 111, at page 510, etc:

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of George Boldnes at the suit of Bergman & Godfrey.

W. E. Burdick, plaintiffs' attorney.

8.

Defendants' interest in all that certain parcel of land situate in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point in the south line of Water street, opposite the east line of Pine street; thence north 69 degrees east along the south line of Water street four (4) perches to a post; thence south 21 degrees east nine and 2-100 (9.02) perches to the north line of the B., B. & K. Railroad; thence north 85 degrees west along said railroad line four and 11-100 (4.11) perches to a post; thence north 21 degrees west seven and 12-100 (7.12) perches to the place of beginning. Containing 34.3 square perches more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to Charles W. Lilgendahl by Peter Parsons by deed dated November 2nd, 1882, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in Deed Book Vol. No. 69, at page 191, etc.

Improved and having thereon one one and a half story frame dwelling house and one frame barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Inga M. Lilgendahl and Ralph E. Burdick, Administrators of Chas. W. Lilgendahl Estate at the suit of Ralph E. Burdick, Victor Engstrom; use Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., now use Victor Engstrom.

9.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Wetmore, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3116, being lots Nos. 40, 41, 41 Fleckerwood farms, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post and stones in the north line of the Wilcox & Kane road, set in a small spring run and marking the S. E. corner of Lot 39; thence by the east line of Lot 39 N. 39 degrees 30 minutes E. 86.36 rods to a post corner of said lot 39; thence S. by the south line of Lot 19 east 36.6 rods to a post and stones in Bullykin Run; thence descending said run the following courses and distances; S. 2 degrees 30 minutes E. 6 rods to corner of land formerly of Gabel; S. 40 degrees E. 9.88 rods; S. 18 degrees W. 9.2 rods to post corner of Lots 40 & 41; and S. 18 degrees W. 21.5 rods; S. 80 degrees E. 7.6 rods; S. 17 degrees 30 minutes W. 34.6 rods; S. 43 degrees W. 10.6 rods; south 4.4 rods to a post and stones on north line of Kane & Wilcox road; thence by said north line of road, west 7.86 rods; S. 25 degrees W. 15.7 rods; N. 82 degrees 15 minutes W. 11.33 rods; N. 61 degrees 45 minutes W. 16.16 rods to a post corner, land N. 46 degrees W. 25.85 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 34.41 acres more or less, as surveyed by G. H. Lyon in May, 1887. Partly improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Daniel R. Mathews at the suit of Thomas L. Kane.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 23, 1903.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 27, June Term, 1903

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, E. D. Parsons did, on the 26th day of February, 1903, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Alma B. Parsons.

We therefore command you, the said Alma B. Parsons, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of E. D. Parsons and show cause, if any you have, why the said E. D. Parsons, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1903.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 28, June Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Anna Smith did, on the 28th day of February, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, V. R. F. Smith.

We therefore command you, the said V. R. F. Smith, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Anna Smith and show cause, if any you have, why the said Anna Smith, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided, Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1903.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 159, June Term, 1903

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Aline Lachapelle did, on the 9th day of April, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying, for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Lachapelle.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph Lachapelle, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Aline Lachapelle and show cause, if any you have, why the said Aline Lachapelle, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1903.

C. A. BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE

From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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Smethport, Pa.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

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Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

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March 5, 1903.